AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

AUGUST 24, 1940

WHO'S WHO

THIS WEEK

	THE COUNCILMAN from the First Ward is not a fiction nor does he write fictitiously. He has taught the short-story in the Union High School of his city, and conducted courses in civic problems. He has, he declares, had stories, articles and verses in more than seventy-five national magazines. And he is a duly-elected Councilman. His graphic narrative should certainly give his readers a new perspective on politics and local government, and should make them hold their votes more dearly DOROTHY FREMONT GRANT is a free-lance lecturer on Long Island Colonial and Revolutionary history. Her article is somewhat of a postscript to the series on democracy by Raymond Corrigan. "History and writing," she says, "are both hobbies. History led writing, she says, "are both hobbies. History led writing, she says, "are both hobbies. History led writing, she says, "are both
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COMMENT	534
GENERAL ARTICLES	
A Politician Weeps for the Woes of Office-And	
for the PublicFirst Ward Councilman	536
Canada Prepares for Her War Job. Marie Moreau	538
Schools, Not Armies, Cure Wayward Youth	
John LaFarge	539
How Did They Get It?Paul L. Blakely	540
Sharps and FlatsJohn Wiltbye Democracy Knew God in Colonial Times	541
Dorothy Fremont Grant	542
CHRONICLE	544
EDITORIALS Jangling Ambassadors Are You a Communist? God Forgotten A Day of Prayer for Peace No Conscription Next Month The Last Hour.	546
CORRESPONDENCE	549
LITERATURE AND ARTS Book, Book, Who's Got a Book?	
Frances Y. Young	551
BOOKS	553
Big River to CrossJames A. Mackin	
THEATRE Elizabeth Jordan	558
$FILMS. \dots \qquad Thomas \ J. \ Fitzmorris$	559
EVENTS The Parader	560

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COMMENT

PRESIDENT Roosevelt has suggested a form of intervention that all Americans heartily approve, be they Protestants, Jews or Catholics, Democrats or Republicans, New Dealers or anti-New Dealers, interventionists or non-interventionists. It is not only the most popular but the most powerful type of intervention, intervention not to extend the scope of the war, but to check the bloodshed. On September 8, the United States as a nation will go down on its knees to God, acknowledge its weakness and its sins, and beg God to save the world from the consequences of the world's folly. Prayer for peace is not pacificism, not appeasement. It is not a cowardly closing of the eyes to the brutality of facts. It is the keenest realization of the most fundamental of facts, that there simply can be no peace without God; a humble realization that nations, as well as individuals, cannot exist without God, or without God's law. France as a nation is praying for peace. England as a nation is praying for peace, and in this slow but certain turning of the nations to God is the only hope of peace in the world today. It is actually the beginning of peace. On September 8, do not only pray for a just and lasting peace, but thank God that He allows us by our prayers to contribute to so exalted a thing as universal peace.

THERE is a war going on in Mexico, but it is a "war of nerves." The occasion is the unequivocal declaration of General Juan Andreu Almazan that he will take oath of office as President of the Mexican Republic on December 1. This explains why the Mexican public, at large, are alert to the next move of the General. If one is to judge by the official figures released by the Government, Almazan was overwhelmingly defeated by his opponent, Avila Camacho, though Almazanistas claim seventy-five per cent of the vote. But nobody in Mexico believes the figures, not even the Camachistas themselves. The demonstrations before, during and after the elections gave evidence of the popular choice. But in Mexico it is not the party casting the greater number of votes but the party tabulating them that wins an election, as a Government spokesman announced. There is a feeling among the fraudulent victors that the people are not prepared to stomach such procedure any longer. Plainly, the Camachistas, and the Government as well, are worried. as delegates to Congress gathered to present their credentials for ratification. The hand-picked Senators and Deputies have an easy majority to elect Avila Camacho to the Presidency. But the uncertainty of the Camachistas prevails. Will the "war of nerves" develop into a revolution? Almazan assures his followers that only legal measures will be adopted to secure his elevation to the Presidency, and to date his adherents have strictly followed his

leadership. But such is the anxiety of the Camachistas that they imported armed bands of ruffians, "peasants" they are politely termed by the Government, to put down any protest of their opponents. It would appear that the Camachistas are not very sure of their legal position.

VEHEMENT objections are raised against Herbert Hoover's plan to send food to the beleaguered populations in Europe. The British condemn the plan since it would in part nullify their blockade of the German-dominated regions. Objectors in this country fear that if food is sent to the occupied countries, the net result will be simply to aid Hitler who would grab the victuals for his own army. Whatever justification may be alleged for the blockade, however, cannot be cited against the evident right of neutrals to aid the distressed non-combatants in countries which themselves are non-combatant or practically so. The people of those countries cannot be suffered to be ground to death through starvation because they are caught between the British and Hitler. Christian charity, particularly the charity of neutral nations, simply cannot indulge in counting the costs and consequences of its action. Wherever dire human distress is relieved, arguments can always be raised that are drawn from the further consequences of such action. If all the doubters and prophets had been listened to, the American relief organization and the Holy See would never have tolerated the work done after the Bolshevik Revolution for the starving people of Soviet Russia. But the work was done and it will one day bear immeasurable fruit for the good. Let charity act now as it did when Pope Benedict wrote in glowing praise of Mr. Hoover's action in 1920; and God's justice will take care of the consequences.

DOUBTING and fearful people may gain courage toward seconding Mr. Hoover's plan if they study more carefully the plan itself. The plan places just as explicit conditions with regard to non-interference from the Nazi authorities as those which it requires of the British Government. If Hitler does intend to seize the foodstuffs for himself and if, as alleged, it is his intention to let these people suffer on the plea that they are being punished for their own folly in resisting him, then the execution of Mr. Hoover's plan is the best way to show him up. Neutral food administrators are to be sent to those countries, armed with full authority to prevent all violations of the agreement and to see that it is administered in literal exactness. But the presence of these administrators will give pitiless publicity to any evasions or discrimination on the part of the

Nazis. It will give the world first-hand information instead of rumors and second- or third-hand reports. Strong men will be needed to undertake such administration, as strong men were needed and were found in Soviet Russia during 1920-21. They must be gifted with iron nerves. But they will be sustained by the thought that their position is irreproachable. Their charity, though expended without calculation, may very well prove to be the shrewdest method, after all, of handling a perplexing situation.

INTEREST attaches to the announcement of the formation of a National Foundation for American Youth. It is to serve "as a clearing house and coordination center for the pro-American groups opposed to the Communist-controlled American Youth Congress." The temporary chairman of the Youth Foundation is Gene Tunney. He has received assurance of the support of a great number of committees and organizations which have seceded from the American Youth Congress. The Foundation, according to reports issued, is not to be a policy-making organization. "The experience of the American Youth Congress," the announcement states, "and the European movements show the danger of having strong, centralized national organizations which can easily be taken over by subversive agents. Decentralized youth groups, local and State, led by young people acquainted with each other, make boring from within an impossibility." The idea of a coordinating agency for youth movements, of an inspirational program and a practical plan, is sound. It is worth investigating and should beget cooperation. At least, the Foundation visioned by Mr. Tunney offers an opportunity to Catholic youth organizations to build up a solid opposition to the Un-American Youth Congress.

"STICKS and stones can break my bones, but names can never hurt me," we used to chant. But name-calling can hurt those who indulge in it. And it is a popular sport today. How we can slay someone by calling him a "Fascist" or a "Dictator"! Marshal Pétain, who is universally respected in France, and the Government he heads, are too often the butt of this sport in our press. Let us not grow intolerant and hysterical over the new regime in France. It may possibly develop into a rabid Fascism, though we doubt it, but certainly many of its projects ought to win nothing but our commendation. Our legislators would do well to give attentive study to the new French aims on the family. A report from Vichy tells us that the divorce evil is to be attacked, and if France's 20,000 divorces a year constitute a dangerous problem, what are we to consider our 175,000 a year-16 out of every 100 marriages? The cancerous sore of the declining birthrate is to be cut away. And France's approach to these evils is a realistic one, because French and Catholic. She is waking to the fact, as we must, that the solution to the difficulty of having a family is not to refuse to have one

through birth-control, but to revamp the economic setup so that financial inability can no longer be the pretext for crimes against the very life of the family. Wages and the return of women to the home are to be arranged so that happy and fruitful marriages are encouraged. When young men here in America are paid enough to enable them to marry and have in their wives a mother for their children, not merely a fellow employe, then we will be approaching a solution for many of our social problems. Yes, France is on the right track in these reforms. Let us applaud them and search our own national conscience, and in the meantime, refrain from damning her every move.

RECENT studies of population trends are causing many misgivings. They show up the harm wrought by birth-controllers. But they also raise some questions as to the direction which the Church's ministry should take in this country. The study of birthrates show that our urban Catholic parishes are not reproducing themselves. Writing in the Commonweal for August 2, Msgr. Ligutti of Granger, Iowa, warns against boasting too freely of Catholic increase. Even if we assume as correct the highly favorable figures, given in the Catholic Directory for 1940, "it is evident that only the Mexicans are reproducing themselves in the various Catholic national groups." Figures produced at the recent New England conference on "Tomorrow's Children," held at Boston and quoted by the N. C. W. C., show that the highest reproduction rates in the United States are found among the "old American-stock inhabitants" of certain areas in the southern Appalachians, in the mountain regions of West Virginia, Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky and Tennessee. The "normal family," as the economist Ralph Borsodi puts it, shows eight to twelve children and consists of three generations. But such a family is largely found among those races and in those regions which lie for the great part outside of the scope of the Church's most active and organized ministry: among the southern whites, the rural whites and the Negroes, the Mexicans, not among the people who now support our churches and schools. From being a side-line, the home missions may soon need to become the main line of Catholic activity in the United States.

AN ACT of Congress requires that more than 3,500,000 non-citizen residents of the United States must register themselves, be fingerprinted, and must answer the questions submitted to them in the Alien Registration Form. Specimen forms of the questionnaire are now available at all first and second-class post offices. The registration must take place during the period from August 27 to December 26, and will be held under the authority of the Department of Justice. A series of articles on the Alien Registration bill has been prepared by Bruce M. Mohler, director of the N.C.W.C. Bureau of Immigration. These articles are being published concurrently in the diocesan papers.

A POLITICIAN WEEPS FOR THE WOES OF OFFICE

FIRST WARD COUNCILMAN

STAYING honest is the hardest job that faces a public office-holder today. In the first place, he's probably underpaid. Each Councilman in our town of fifteen thousand inhabitants receives a salary of ten dollars a month. As a result, one of three things happens:

a. He pockets the ten dollars, loyally attends two to four meetings a month, and convinces himself that he's honestly earned his salary, even though he never gives a thought to the welfare of the city from one meeting to another.

b. He persuades himself that the electors never expected him to be content with this pittance; that they tacitly consider it legitimate for him to collect as much as he can "on the side" in exchange for "voting the right way."

c. He may consider the office a sacred trust, and work himself grey-headed and stoop-shouldered, and look forward to the next election when he can gracefully shift the responsibility to other shoulders.

Even our class (c) office-holder, however, often finds himself peering down dark alleys and behind tall hedges lest someone leap out and jam a bribe into his pocket. He actually finds it less difficult to "vote according to his principles" than to vote according to those principles and still not be tarred by the graft-brush.

Take the simple matter of Christmas gifts. The local King of the Underworld sends baskets containing candy, cigars, a turkey with fixings, even salt, pepper and lump sugar to all the major city

employes, possibly fifty in number.

Your grade (c) Councilman thus faces a delicate problem in ethics. The King of the Underworld has never harmed him personally. In fact, they have never even met face to face. The King may actually be a kindly old gentleman with a long beard instead of the gossip-created hellion who retires each night with naked slaves chained to his bed-posts. The King has never asked a favor; probably never shall. He has the town well enough organized as it is. The Councilman knows that he'll never be swayed in his future voting by this proffered gift.

Should he, then, accept it? If he does, he accepts a gift presumably bought with "blood money." If he doesn't, he's a nasty little prig who considers himself finer and more honorable than forty-nine of his associates (and you'd be surprised how quickly such an exhibition of flaunted superiority gets talked around in a town of this size).

Or, take the matter of the necktie-handkerchief sets from the manager of the company which, for years, has furnished the city its gasoline. Periodically, competitive bids are called for, but this one company is always the lowest or one of the lowest competitors. It has storage tanks nearby which enable it, all other circumstances being identical, successfully to meet all price-cuts. Should Councilman (c) accept the Christmas neckties-and-handkerchief from a person whom he has never seen? If he returns the turkey, why not return this gift? Because of the difference in the status of the donors? But, Councilman (c) has no reliable information on this subject. He must base his judgment solely on hearsay, and hearsay, moreover, which is almost certain to be prejudiced.

Or, take the case of the owner of his favorite gas-station. The owner's brother is about to become a father, has been out of work for months, and is about to lose his home, lacking only two payments on the mortgage. Councilman (c) learns of a vacancy on the street department, recommends the brother, and brother immediately gets

he job.

Next time Councilman (c) leaves his car for a greasing, an oil change, and a wash job, the station owner refuses to accept pay, tears up the check, and, in every way makes it apparent that he intends to make Councilman (c) a gift of these valuable services. The Councilman realizes that his gas-station friend can't afford it. Frankly speaking, this is a hundred dollar gift as compared with the previous penny-size gifts of the oilman and the King. If the turkey and necktie have been accepted, what about the grease-job?

Here's another: a constituent of his is opening a subdivision. Constituent comes to Councilman and explains a plan whereby the city will trade certain tax-delinquent lots in the subdivision for sections of right-of-way which it needs badly. It seems to be a wise exchange, profitable to both

parties.

Will Councilman (c) sponsor this proposal at the next meeting? Certainly. Why not? It is highly desirable from every angle. Councilman (c) does the sponsoring. The agreement is entered into enthusiastically. Councilman (c) is rather proud of himself. He has accomplished at least one constructive act for his home town.

Next morning, however, his subdivider constituent comes into his office and places on his desk the deeds for two of the choicest lots in the subdivision. Quickly Councilman (c) rehearses in his mind the details of the deal. Is the proffering of this property: 1. A token of gratitude? 2. Payment for anticipated favors? Or, 3. Has he let himself in on a thoroughly shady deal, the evil effects of which will not become apparent perhaps for some time?

In this case, it took considerable persuading—first of himself and later of the subdivider—to return the deeds. Finally, in desperation, the councilman had to confess that he already owned too much property, that taxes were sending him swiftly to the poorhouse, and that he would much prefer to "take the will for the deed."

It may not be easy for the layman to understand the difficulty an office-holder encounters in avoiding the appearance of graft. Usually, of course, there are strings, hidden or quite obvious, attached to every gift. Moreover, the donor has arrived prepared to stake his reputation as a good salesman on the eventual acceptance of what he brings. The Councilman, on the other hand, is loathe to plead innate honesty lest he call up the invariable, "But, there's nothing crooked about this. You yourself admit that you'd do the self-same thing if I didn't give you anything; that it's for the good of the town—."

Apparently all he can safely do is stand firmly and persistently on a single principle. He'll accept nothing under circumstances which in any way might lead his most suspicious enemy to believe that there is anything dishonest in the transaction

or transfer.

However, suppose a man presents himself as did an oil operator (not the manager already mentioned but a speculator in oil leases). He explained that the derrick fees which the town was collecting were exorbitant. Independent operators in the field were being forced to the wall. Half the wells were already in bankruptcy. It was a shallow field. The oil was of a low grade, permeated with sulphur. It sounded plausible.

Fortunately, the fees had been set by the people at a general election. The Councilman happily replies that he has no power in the matter; that the fees can be modified only at another general

election.

"We realize that," the operator concedes. "That's why we're starting now. Election-time is over a year away. We are convinced that we must inaugurate a long campaign to educate the people to the justice of our case." The Councilman sighs with relief. "You're a writer!" the operator continues. "We want you to plan and execute this campaign for us!"

Neither the operator nor the Councilman smiles, yet each knows the thought in the other's mind.

"Several hundred dollars easy money for him!" the operator is saying. "He's not wealthy. He can't possibly resist that bait. And, it's clean, legal, entirely proper."

And, the Councilman is saying to himself: "Well, what would you say and do if you realized that the instant you accepted that proposal you'd sold your

right of free speech, at least as regards derrick fees in your home town?"

AND FOR THE PUBLIC

I'M a politician. I'm in office right now. As I walk along the streets of my home town, I look into the faces of my friends and want to say to them. "Look here, saps! We politicians have taken you for a big, long buggy-ride. Wake up! What dopes you are to put up with us! Some day, you'll get wise to yourselves. You'll forget your own ward or your own pocketbook and work for the good of the city. You'll see that, if a man promises to give you the edge in a deal in exchange for your vote, he'll be giving a hundred other voters a hundred other edges, and you'll be paying for a part of all of them. That's simple arithmetic.

"There's nothing special about you. You're just another X on a ballot. If he'll pay you, he'll pay anybody that can be bought; and he won't be using his own money. He'll be using yours; the money he's bled out of you with high taxes, poor police protection, rotten roads and filthy sanitation. Don't fool yourselves! You can't win! It's a sucker's

game, so snap out of it!"

It all seems so easy when you're on the inside looking out. I'm a good fellow. I give picnics. I make jobs. I pad payrolls. And all the boys turn out and put me back in office, the dummies. They ought to see that they're paying for those things. They're paying for those things and a hundred others that they never even lay their hands on—my swell new car, that apartment building I just bought. They're even sending my kids through college.

Why do they do it? Because they still kid themselves into thinking that folks get something for nothing in this world. They figure that, if they get a raise or a free keg of beer or five dollars on election-day, it's the other fellow that's paying it. They don't see that for every dollar I pass on to them in presents and easy money, I lay aside a hundred or so for me, and those hundreds have to come out of somebody's pocket. They're like the poor devil in the story who had to push a rock up a hill, but every time he pushed it up a foot, it slipped back two.

That's the way it is with these poor simps, the voters who think they're smart by keeping a bunch of us crooks in office just so they can pick up the few pennies we toss out to keep them satisfied. Not

hard to satisfy, are they?

I've seen towns all over the country. I've got so I can almost smell a crooked one the minute I get in it. If you use your eyes, you can spot 'em every time. Things down at the heels. Houses and stores not painted. People walking around in a daze trying to figure out what's hit 'em.

Well, what's hit 'em is a gang of us high-rolling, free-spending, good fellows who've moved into office and are milking the town as fast as we know how. We're not wasting time because we're afraid some bright morning everybody will snap out of his hop and say to himself: "Well, what a fool I've

been! I wouldn't turn the running of my chickencoop over to that bunch of fat-heads up at the City Hall. Still, I'm letting them spend thousands for me. I'm standing by letting them get away with murder when there are really good businessmen in this town, storekeepers, bankers, bookkeepers, men who know figures and money. Why don't we turn our business affairs over to them?"

Deep down, we're really scared that, some morning, the whole town will get wise to itself and say just that. Fact is, we don't see why it's taking so long. After that, we'll have to move on, unless these big businessmen say, "Politics are dirty. I don't want to mess in politics. Count me out!"

But, if they roll up their sleeves and say, "Come on! We can save money! We can reduce taxes! And, we'll all be better off. We'll be paying less into the pockets of the boodling politicians. Naturally, then, we'll have more to put into good roads and parks. By cutting taxes, we'll reduce rents. Then, we'll all have more money to take to the butcher and the grocer. They'll get ahead a little and paint their storefronts. That'll put painters to work!" And, that's the way the town will go up and up and up instead of letting us drag it down.

Of course, it may never happen here, not in my lifetime. But, then, again, it may. It's happening in other places. Sooner or later, the suckers get wise to themselves. They decide to run their cities the way any sensible man would run his business, with businessmen in charge.

When everybody does that, I and all the rest of us smart politicians'll have to hit the bread-line and you dumb voters'll be banking the cash we used to take away from you for our girls, gowns and giggle-water.

Some day, you'll wake up, Home Town! Other towns have. Till then, though, "Vote For Me, Sucker!" I'll shake you down plenty and make you think you like it!

CANADA PREPARES FOR HER WAR JOB

MARIE MOREAU

RELATIONS between Canada and the United States have long been held up as a shining example to naughty Europe. Writers and politicians grow enthusiastic over our three thousand miles of unfortified frontier. Since we speak the same language, are made up of much the same racial elements and entertain common aspirations, our friendship is not surprising. Canadians prefer Americans to any other people. In fact, most of us have relations among the six million former Canadians who live on your side of the border.

The only fault we find with you is your serene and, to us, exasperating, ignorance of things Canadian. We were not surprised to read that even your President needed to be told that Canada had outgrown colonial status in 1867! Even AMERICA shares this callous indifference toward us. Not long ago, its literary section featured an article whose author pleaded for some benevolent multimillionaire to appear out of the ether, who would endow a few radio stations which would enable the discriminating American public to enjoy their music without having to listen to advertisements.

Of course, this man could not possibly know that the Canadians have created such a broadcasting system for themselves, and have had it for years, although the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation goes on the air every day of the year. It does not cost Americans anything to listen, although we do tax ourselves \$2.50 per set for this privilege.

It is not surprising that we should know more about you, than you do about us. Most of our news, until the outbreak of war, came from American agencies, and the bulk of magazine circulation in Canada is published in the United States. We visit you more than you visit us. Last year American tourists spent almost 300 million dollars in Canada, and Canadians left 110 millions of their money in the United States. There are 132 millions of you, and only 11 millions of us, so you can see that, proportionately, our interest in you is much greater.

We find it just a little bit disconcerting that, whether we live in Halifax or in Vancouver, you expect us to be next-door neighbors to the Dionne quintuplets. We are gratified with your esteem for our R.C.M.P., and to avoid shattering your illusions, we do not tell you that they ride horses only in parades. Nor do we hint that, alas, they spend more time on prosaic highway patrols than they do trailing murderers via dog team through the illimitable Arctic wastes.

Some of you, I suspect, are also annoyed with us, since we have declared war abroad, and expect you to shield us from reprisals at home. At first glance, the situation does not appear altogether fair; but we believe that we are fighting just as much for the Americans as we are for the English. The Canadian private is not easily gulled by propaganda; and if you ask him, he will tell you that he has enlisted to fight overseas in order to keep the war away from home.

We are intensely patriotic in our quiet way, and we are willing to make any sacrifices in order that bombs may never fall on Canadian homes, that Canadian children may never hear the sound of gunfire, and that our soil may never feel the tramp of the invaders' boots. In this objective, we include the United States of America; and we feel that, in attaining it, we are protecting you, just as much as by defending your own coasts, you are defending us. We are convinced that to ensure the safety of our shores, the British Navy must remain in command of the seas. So, we fight England's wars.

We would like many of you to visit us this year. Frankly, we want your dollars. They will not stay in our tills long (the holding of American currency

by private individuals is now forbidden by law). They will go right back to your country to buy the airplanes and other armaments we need. By spending your vacation money here, you will get a premium in Canadian funds. You will also be instrumental in taking Americans off relief and putting them back to work producing for us. Indirectly, you will be rendering a national service to your own country. Every airplane we buy for ourselves, adds to your own security without cost to you.

You will not be alone in the task of defending the western hemisphere. Canada has already initiated a huge air-training scheme, and our navy has turned out to be so good that it is surprising us all. We are quietly fortifying our coasts, and develop-

ing efficient coast patrols.

Up until the actual declaration of war, it would have been impossible to institute any military preparedness in this country. The French-Canadians and the Canadians of European descent, who came here to escape Europe's perpetual broils, would not have tolerated anything but strictly defensive measures. The imperialist group, which has profited by the division between French and English-speaking Canadians, and the economic and political submergence of the new Canadians, virtually to control the country, would have feared the end of its rule, and would have fiercely opposed any effective fortification of the country.

This may sound strange, but the Canadian census knows no such thing as a Canadian nationality. Whether your forbears have been living in the country for a couple of centuries or for twenty years, you must give your racial extraction. There is no Canadian flag; we use the Union Jack. Some groups oppose the use of our national anthem. Its stirring music was written by a French-Canadian.

Our imperialists do strange things. They urge that the Government should make free gifts to Britain of the produce of the Canadian farmers, vet they have not made a move to remove the tariff from British manufactured goods, which step would assist both the British producer and the Canadian consumer, as well as lightening the bur-

den of the British treasury.

All that, we fervently hope, is forever past. The gravity of the situation is realized in Canada, although, for obvious reasons, we do not discuss it. We will soon be making our own tanks and machine-guns, and we are already building our own destroyers, which, quaintly enough, will bear the names of Canadian wildflowers. You may expect to hear that H.M.C.S. Buttercup has acquitted itself gallantly in action. Compulsory service for home defense is now law in Canada. The most able executives, economists and judges have been called to Ottawa for work on defense problems.

The future of Europe may be dark and terrible, but there is nothing for us to fear in North America, if we two nations stand together and firmly resolve to make the best possible use of our immense resources in manpower and materials, and to emerge from the sentimental vaporings that

have befogged our thinking.

SCHOOLS NOT ARMIES **CURE WAYWARD YOUTH**

JOHN LAFARGE

CONSCRIPTION is advocated on the ground that it would afford a much-needed discipline for our youth. Army experience would make men out of them physically, mentally, morally.

I urge closer inspection of the "discipline" argument for the very reason that it makes an appeal to thoughtful people who are not especially impressed by the clamor concerning an emergency.

I am not here questioning the benefits that can come to a young man from his army experience. They are so evident that every young man should be grateful if at some period in his career he could enjoy a course in military training. Nothing can quite take the place of what a man obtains in the National Guard or the R.O.T.C. These benefits are good reason for voluntary enlistment in peacetime. Even the greatly modified discipline of the Civilian Conservation Corps Camps, according to the Catholic chaplains with whom I have conversed, works wonderful transformations when administered by competent hands and accompanied with efficient religious ministrations.

When we come to enforced service, however, an entirely different angle appears. There is an element of panic at present over the demoralized condition of our youth and the method for curing it.

Emergency-minded people who are suddenly warming up to enforced military service as the one and only means for "making men" out of our young citizens are the very souls who for years have sat back in stolid indifference to every attempt to stiffen the educational discipline of our schools and

Sports writers recently went moderately hysterical over the alleged "unsportsmanlike" and undisciplined conduct of a player or two in the tennis finals at Southampton. Healthy young men, it was believed, should not show temperament, screech at the ball boys, or throw themselves down upon the ground after a set. Remarks were passed by some of the spectators that conscription would be a grand thing for just that type of unbridled youth. They would retire at Taps, rise at Reveille, and consume no cocktails at dawn.

Again, I acknowledge that there is considerable point to such observations. But there does come upon one a clammy surprise, like finding a fish in the bathtub. One is reasonably annoyed that very few of the influential people who are now advocating conscription as a glorious way to stop our young men once and for all from blowing rose bubbles and for bringing them down to grim reality—very few of them have or have had the least interest in any civilian education aimed at just that result.

Heaven knows our youth need disciplined lives.

We cannot run our nation, much less defend it, with the type of mental fuzziness and physical incompetence that is all too prevalent at the present day. But to throw upon military training this whole burden of re-creating the discipline of American

life is to expect miracles.

Let us not be deceived by the cry that the Dictators are doing just this sort of thing in order to bring back discipline to the youth of their respective nations. They do no end of damage to their youth, but they are not foolish enough to believe young men can learn discipline merely from military training. The army service is but a capstone for a long period of disciplinary education. The real discipline is implanted in the mind and will and general physical constitution of the young during those long years from infancy to service. The most that the army service does is to teach a boy to apply the powers which he has already acquired.

Mussolini's most positive effects upon the youth of Fascist Italy are achieved not upon the drill field but in the class room. From the blackboard and out of the textbook Italy's youth acquire their sets of values. They learn in the school which things are to come first in their lives, which things come second, which things are to be hated and rejected; what to die for, what to live for.

If the values are wrong, the discipline is wrong, but it may still be discipline. Appalling youth conditions are not to be cured merely by placing the boys in pup tents and teaching them to take orders and to drill. The plain truth about the present outcry is that some of the wiser heads are beginning to sense where we are getting with a school system that is carefully planned to dodge commitments to

any sets of ultimate values. If we wish to get to bed rock in this matter of undisciplined youth, we should understand that a good part of the future school teachers of this country are being molded in a philosophy which frankly denies any fixed or ultimate values. "When certain moralists and theorists who are sane and highly intelligent" talk about absolute values, says a leading exponent of this relativist philosophy, Dr. E. L. Thorndike, in his latest work, "they or we (or both) are probably confused by analogies or verbal subtleties." And that is typical relativism.

Our schools have thrown over absolute values; they have likewise thrown over the practice of oldfashioned mental training. The wealthier school patrons who now cry out for military discipline for the young are the very type who insist that the school must conform to the arbitrary standards of certain money-getting groups. They will whisk their beloved out of school if they even suspect that the school takes too seriously the task of making a man of him. The tendency in state-supported schools is to make "democratic education" increasingly easier from a mental, moral and physical point of view.

When our country is actually attacked, we can talk of conscription. But while we are still at peace, the immediate and practical task is to restore discipline where it is most needed and is most effec-

tive: in school and home.

HOW DID THEY GET IT?

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

THE public official, who on a modest salary manages to live like a millionaire, often afflicts the public eye. He also stirs the average citizen, whose attention has been caught by Mrs. Official's ermine wraps and diamonds, to inquire: "How did they get it?" Sometimes his curiosity is satisfied, but, as a rule, only when the Grand Jury returns an indictment.

Eight years ago, in the course of one of New York's perennial investigations, an official was unable to explain, in a manner satisfactory to Investigator Seabury, his rise to opulence. After a series of political maneuvers, the Governor of New York, Franklin D. Roosevelt, was prevailed upon to continue the investigation, the theory being that with the ampler powers vested in him, the Governor might brush away this prattle about mysterious strangers bearing unsought, but accepted, gifts of fat rolls of currency, and get at the truth. In a preliminary statement, Governor Roosevelt laid down the principle that every public officer under investigation "owes a positive public duty to the community to give a reasonable, or credible explanation of the [bank] deposits, or the source which enables him to maintain a scale of living beyond the amount of his salary."

Possibly Wendell Willkie was thinking of this Seabury investigation when he suggested that the Governor Roosevelt principle be applied to our ranking Federal officials. While Governor Roosevelt stated that an accounting could be reasonably demanded from an official under the harrow. Mr. Willkie asks that it be required from the President of the United States, members of the Cabinet. and appointees to the Government's chief regulatory bureaus, before taking office, and on leaving it.

Moreover, to make impossible a repetition of the New York official who had thirty-five brothers. sisters, nieces, nephews, uncles, aunts, and sundry other relatives on the city payroll, or placed as agents with business firms having, or seeking, lucrative contracts with the city, Mr. Willkie proposes a further extension of the Governor Roosevelt principle of 1932. He wants to amend the Hatch Act to prohibit members of the President's family. or the families of the officials above mentioned. from receiving compensation for services performed for any person or corporation engaged in business with any Federal Department, bureau, or

Only the simple will suppose that Mr. Willkie offers these amendments with a benevolent eve on the political fortunes of Mr. Roosevelt. While it is deplorable that legislation should be needed to bar acts so obviously improper, the truth is that a check is needed. As Governor Roosevelt said, eight years ago, it is repulsive to think of a public official using his position for personal enrichment at

the expense of the taxpayer, or of permitting his family and friends to capitalize it. Yet even a casual observer could collect instances in any large city of public officials who fail to model their conduct on the Roosevelt principle of 1932. Probably the

outstanding of these cities is Washington.

The Willkie amendments would outlaw many practices which now flourish. The son of President Whoosit (1957—1977) an investment broker, would not be able to place, at a fat commission, the preferred stock of the National Television Co., a corporation which is obliged to apply to the Government every six months for a renewal of its license. The President's younger son, Tommy, just out of college, would not be given the job of vicepresident with a construction firm which has put through many a profitable contract with the Government, and is now looking for more. Mrs. Whoosit, with the whole tribe of little Whoosits, and all the kith and kin of the other Federal officials would be permitted, certainly, to earn their bread in the sweat of their brows. But they would not be allowed to pick up even so much as a Parker House roll by working for a person or corporation, seeking or carrying contracts, or other business, with the Federal Government.

It is morally certain that Senator Hatch's celebrated Act will never be enriched by either of these Willkie amendments. There is consolation, then, in the reflection that the political salvation of this country depends upon neither. Officials who have so little sense of the dignity of their positions as to permit their families to engage in the acts which Mr. Willkie proscribes, would in any case find a way of circumventing the most carefully elaborated legislation. These acts are not in themselves, at least as far as they have come to light, actually illegal, although certainly they do not tend to make government respectable in the eyes of the people. For the most part, they indicate nothing worse than bad taste, or want of breeding. As such. they are hardly amenable to Federal legislation.

But even as we kiss these amendments goodbye, it becomes more evident that what is of tremendous importance is impartial enforcement of the Hatch Act. The primary purpose of the Act is to forbid Federal officials to use their positions to influence Federal elections. Its ultimate purpose, perhaps not found explicitly in the letter of its text, is to safeguard the right of the American people to free and honest elections. If we can have these, we can forget, without many qualms, the Willkie amendments.

Since the Hatch Act tends to operate against the party in power, only a Department of Justice that is above partisan motives will even attempt to enforce it. The campaigns of 1938 induce me to set no high value on the zeal of the Department, and while its temper may have improved, no harm will be done if Senator Gillette's committee holds itself ready to investigate at once and thoroughly any complaint that the law has been violated. For if the people are not permitted to vote freely for the candidates of their choice next November, the franchise has passed from them forever.

SHARPS AND FLATS

GENERAL Grant used to say that he knew two tunes. One was Yankee Doodle. The other wasn't. But we may be sure it wasn't Dixie.

Many of us whose musical education is not much better than the General's, have a hankering for symphony orchestras, and an abhorrence of jazz. We are too poor to buy a ticket for the public performances, but for some years our poverty has been assuaged by the radio concerts, and now and then we have been able to purchase a phonograph record. With an ear cocked in the direction of a wheezy radio, model of 1934, we have spent many an hour, which otherwise would be devoted to loneliness, pleasantly, and not unprofitably. That is why we noted last week with deep regret that hereafter the Boston Symphony, along with Heifetz, Iturbi and Zimbalist, has been ordered "off the radio and off the records," by the labor unions. Lawrence Tibbett, it appears, is on Ellis Island,

It may puzzle some to understand why musicians feel any compulsion to join a union. But the truth is that since the radio and the phonograph began to "popularize" classical music, the number of professional musicians and organizations has greatly increased. Taking human nature as it is, it cannot be doubted that most of the impresarios are willing to condemn the musician to a crust in the garret, or, at least, to allow him only that sustenance which will guarantee his wind, his fingers, and

his eyes.

awaiting deportation.

Poet, musicians, and literary gentlemen have a hard life in this Brummagem world. Continually in pursuit of ideals, they are continually tripped up by the butcher, the baker, and the agent of the Edison Co. They are anxious to make this world a brighter and a happier place, but they rightly believe that this brighter and happier world ought to

pay their bills.

Some of them have their bills paid, James C. Petrillo, for instance, while unknown to fame as an artist, makes \$46,000 yearly as president of the union known as the American Federation of Musicians. It is he who issued the ban on the Boston Symphony and its artists, probably with a view to a better distribution of the money that is paid to hear them. As a musician, Mr. Petrillo may have no great power to soothe, but when he plucks and sweeps the strings as president of the union, the whole country takes note. Last year, for instance, he barred the Boston Symphony from a non-profit concert at the New York World's Fair, and in December, 1939, he compelled a musical comedy manager to delete all critical references to John L. Lewis.

Music in America, that is, music as a "big business," needs restraint. But I cannot help wondering what Beethoven, Bach and Brahms would have thought of restraint by a labor union. Bach, probably, would not have known what it was all about; Brahms, good, easy man, would probably have yielded. But what Beethoven would say, I dare not record on these pages. JOHN WILTBYE

DEMOCRACY KNEW GOD IN COLONIAL TIMES

DOROTHY FREMONT GRANT

LAST June, under the title, Democracy Is Not What It Used to Be, Raymond Corrigan observed: "It is, perhaps, laboring the obvious to insist upon the historical fact that Americans once fitted their politics, social life, culture, education and everyday business activities into a larger scheme, which included an acknowledgement of God and His law,

natural as well as revealed."

With the President of the United States frequently urging a return of the "spirit of religion" upon the American people, with pulpiteers of all denominations urging a return to God, it may not be amiss to let the obvious, "the record," explain why "democracy is not what it used to be," and pray the "obvious" may show why it can never be any better so long as conditions remain as they are.

Recent events abroad have given birth to the oftrepeated phrase: "For four hundred years Christian culture has. . . ." The unit of four hundred is beginning to have more than a local social significance. The implication plainly is that all of our culture is but four hundred years old. Not one public speaker of the secular status has stated: "For four hundred years Christian dissension has . . . " Yet, less than a hundred years ago in democratic America was born the platitude: "In union

there is strength."

It is true that the colonial settlers brought to America the seeds of democracy and that, through many a twisted root, they grew to ripe maturity in the two priceless documents which laid the foundation of our Republic. It is true that these documents and the men who framed them, leaned on God. True, also, that the lives of the early settlers, for the most part, were governed by the individual's interpretation of God's will. But it is well to remember that all did not migrate to the New World solely in search of religious freedom. A prospective settler had to establish his moral character (usually by a six months' probation) before he could join an established community by the purchase of land. If he overstepped the moral law, or the Divine law as it was practised in the chosen community, he was banished.

Significant is a recommendation from the Dutch West India Company to Peter Stuyvesant regarding a newly arrived emigrant, a prospective school teacher: "We know little about the bearer," it read in substance, "save that he has an excellent character, supports the Reformed Religion and writes a good hand." The company further advised the Governor to give the man a six-months' chance to acclimate himself, "as we have noticed the climate there often damages a man's disposition."

Significant also are the so-called "social contracts" frequently drawn up in the settlements. These are peppered with references to God. Witness: "Forasmuch as it has pleased Almighty God, by the wise dispensation of His providence so to order and dispose of things, that we, the inhabitants of East Hampton, are now dwelling together; the word of God requires that to maintain the peace and union of such a people there should be an orderly and decent government established according to God. . . ." Drawn in 1655, the document continues in part: ". . . (we) enter into a confederation together, to maintain and preserve the purity of the Gospel of Our Lord Jesus Christ which we now possess; as also the discipline of the church which, according to the truth of said gospel, is now practised among us; as also in our civil affairs to be guarded and governed by such laws and orders as shall be made according to God. . . .

It was the custom in East Hampton to give a reward of five shillings to anyone who discovered a whale washed ashore. But if the discovery was made on Sunday the fine was not paid. When it came to morals these colonists meant business: "Wherefore it has been too common in this town for men and maids to be out of their father's and mother's house at unseasonable times of night; it is therefore ordered that whosoever of the younger sort shall be out of their father's or mother's house past nine of the clock shall be summoned in to the next court." The punishment for disobeying this order was a fine of five shillings or five hours in the stocks. A like punishment was in store for all

those over fourteen who told lies!

Old diaries give ample evidence of the conversation of our early settlers. God held first place. Though books were generally rare, many homes had the Bible prominently displayed, and daily used it. Along the Atlantic seaboard speculation was rife as to whether the red Indian was descended from Adam; and would the inhabitants of the New World be judged with those of the Old on Judgment Day? Was there a deluge here in Noah's time? Or did God create this land as an afterthought? To affirm this, would be to subvert the Scriptures. To subvert the Scriptures would be to walk away from God. Their strength and salvation, they believed, lay in God and on the purity of His word.

The first meeting of what was to be called the House of Burgesses in the Virginia Colony met in the chancel of the church in Jamestown on July 30, 1619. The authority of the Church of England was then established, and attendance at church twice on Sunday was required by law; in 1623 a fine of a hogshead of tobacco was imposed for all absences. Sir William Berkeley succeeded to the governorship in 1642 and was instructed by the crown to keep out "innovations in religion."

An order dated at Hempstead, September 16, 1650, is filled with such observations as: "the contempt of God's word and Sabbaths is the desolating sin of civil states and plantations"; and that ministers are called "for the converting, edifying and saving of ye souls of the elect, through the presence and power of the Holy Ghost thereunto promised." Heavy fines were imposed for non-attendance at church on Sundays and "publick" days of fasting and thanksgiving. After three fines, the whipping post and banishment was used. The informer shared half the fines. The records state that one offender, "Nicholas the Frenchman," "gave as a frivilous reason that he was a Catholic."

Anyone harboring a Quaker was subject to vile punishments, as was his guest. Twenty-one years later at a general court in New Haven, a Quaker, sent from Southold, L. I., for trial, was, upon being found "incorrigible," fined twenty pounds, severely whipped, branded with the letter "H" on his hand and banished from the jurisdiction. The judges noted in their record of the trial that this "was the least they could do and discharge a good conscience

toward God."

While the Dutch were issuing tavern licenses upon condition that the licensee keep "such order that it might not be offensive to the laws of God or the place," a general court meeting in New Haven in April, 1644, "ordered that the judicial laws of God, as they were delivered by Moses, and as they are a fence to the moral laws, being neither typical or ceremonial, nor had any reference to Cannan, shall be accounted moral equity, and generally bind all offenders. . . ." It was also ordered that "saints shall rule the earth" and therefore only church members could govern. But, ten short years later (May, 1655), the people of New Haven decided the Mosaic code was not adaptable to their circumstances, and asked Governor Eaton to frame another code more congenial with the feelings of an enlightened community. Democracy was beginning to lift its weight from God.

In 1671, Governor Berkeley of Virginia, reporting on the condition of his colony to the Crown, admitted a population of forty thousand; compulsory military training for all freemen once a month, whereby the colony had a "standing army" of "nearly eight thousand horses." Every man taught his own children according to his ability; there were forty-eight parishes with ministers well paid. "The clergy," he wrote, "by my consent, would be better if they would pray oftener and preach less. But, as of all other commodities, so of this, the worst are sent us. . . . But, I thank God, there are no free schools nor printing, and I hope we shall

not have, these hundred years." The Governor pronounced learning and printing "the patrons and promoters of heresies and sects," as well as libels on government.

During Berkeley's governorship in Virginia, a general assembly met in Hartford, Conn., on May 12, 1644, to provide some settlers removing to Long Island with advice. This suggested: "... fit seasons for the keeping of court, for the administration of justice, that all cases may be tried according to law, (life, limbs and banishment excepted), and to do their endeavors so to settle matters, that the people may be both civilly, peaceably and religiously governed in the English plantations, so as they may win the heathen to the knowledge of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, by their sober and religious conversation, as His Majesty our Lord and King requires in his gracious letters patent . . . " (For the uninitiated "life, limbs and banishment" cases were tried on the mainland of Connecticut.)

There was no "separation of church and State" in early America, when democracy leaned on God; but there were many churches, all different in doctrine, all scornful of those who would not conform.

In 1704, the Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts (Church of England) sent a Rev. John Thomas to Hempstead, L. I. Culled from many of his confidential reports to the Society, are the following: March 1, 1705: "The country in general is extremely wedded to a dissenting ministry. . . . I have scarcely a man in my parish truly steady and real"; May 26, 1705: "My path here is very thorny-all my steps narrowly watched. I am obliged to walk very singly"; June 27, 1705: "The people here are all stiff dissenters . . . sturdy obstinate people, who endeavor what in them lies, to crush (me) in embryo. The gall of bitterness of this independent kidney is inconceivable." In 1722, the Rev. Thomas had a severe illness during which time a "small dissenting meeting house" was erected in his parish; but he writes: "I thank God it is only the scum that is concerned in it, the people of figure and substance being entirely of the church's side."

And so, through multifarious dissensions, everlasting revisions seeking "purity of doctrine," and lack of charity and justice, American democracy ceased to bear its full weight on God even in its colonial era. New evils have replaced the old laws forcing church attendance and support. At least we have learned man's allegiance to God's will cannot be legislated. God remains here and there on the secular American scene, where He comes in handy as, for instance, in insurance policies where "an act of God" is used to cover any exigencies the clever fine-print clause-writers may have overlooked; and where He sounds well, as in Federal subpoenas which begin: "The people of the United States of America, by the grace of God, free and independent. . . . "

That today's democracy does not lean on God is a challenge to all individuals who profess to do so. The times call for unity under God; but we do not stress the need for fear of "laboring the obvious." It cannot be too much labored.

CHRONICLE

THE ADMINISTRATION. Following the resignation of James A. Farley as Postmaster General, it was announced he will assume the chairmanship of the board of directors of the Coca-Cola Export Corporation on September 1, and will also become chairman of the board of the New York American League Baseball Club. . . . Declaring it was a 100-to-1 bet that the National Guard would not be sent overseas, President Roosevelt asked that there be no amendment forbidding him to dispatch the Guard outside the United States. . . . William S. Knudsen, member of the National Defense Advisory Commission, stated 900 military airplanes are now being made each month, that "by January 1, the monthly rate will have risen to 1,500 planes, and the volume will increase steadily thereafter." Mr. Knudsen said 1,200,000 soldiers could be equipped by October, 1943. . . . Asserting John B. Cudahy, United States Ambassador to Belgium, felt that press reports of his recent London interview had misquoted him, Sumner Welles announced that no rebuke had been administered to Mr. Cudahy. . . . President Roosevelt staged a three-day tour of naval and military establishments in New England. . . . On the fifth anniversary of the Social Security Act, Arthur J. Altmeyer, chairman of the Social Security Board, disclosed that 1,500,000 unemployed workers are at this time receiving compensation based on their past wages, that more than \$3,000,000,000 has been expended under the five benefit-paying programs of the Act.

CONGRESS. Senator Wagner introduced a bill to extend the old-age insurance benefits of the Social Security Act to 10,000,000 additional wage earners, and the law's unemployment compensation provisions to 5,000,000 more persons. The bill would make employes of non-profit, religious, charitable and educational institutions, as well as other groups now excluded, eligible under old-age and survivors' insurance. . . . Secretaries Morgenthau, Stimson and others informed Congress that the eight-percent profit limitation of the Vinson-Trammell Act, together with uncertainties over amortization plans and the proposed taxes on profits, was slowing up the defense program. Secretary Stimson revealed that the Army had been able to contract for only 33 airplanes of the 4,000 authorized by Congress in June. Secretary Morgenthau intimated an increase in the present debt limitation of \$49,000,000,000 would be necessary, "sooner or later." . . . General William E. Shedd, of the Army General Staff, told Congress that its delay in passing the peacetime draft made it impossible for the Army to start its training program for the draftees before January 1, instead of October 1, Said Senator Clark, of Missouri, to Senator Taft: "Did the Senator ever hear

a more outrageous proposition than that of General Shedd that the War Department's plans were being held up by an apparently endless delay in Congress when the Senate has indulged in a three-day debate thus far?" . . . Pleading for peacetime conscription, Senator Sheppard maintained that the time element was involved, that failure to pass the measure "might result in perilous consequences." . . . Senator Clark charged that the peacetime draft measure, known as the Burke-Wadsworth Compulsory Military Service Bill, was not an emergency measure but "an old scheme for engrafting peacetime conscription on the nation." He asserted the men pushing it now, Secretaries Stimson and Knox, Colonel Julius Ochs Adler of the New York Times. and others "have been advocating this scheme since before the World War . . . Adler and the whole crowd have been attempting to impose this on the American people as a part of the permanent structure of American life." To Senator Burke, Mr. Clark said: "If the Senator reads the New York Times any day he'll see the efforts of the New York Times to drag this country into war." . . . The Army is for the draft, Senator Clark continued, because "the scheme will make colonels out of captains, major generals out of colonels. . . It has nothing to do with any emergency. It is an effort to take advantage of the hysteria which is now sweeping the country."

WASHINGTON. Senator Burke read a letter from a New York mother, advocating the peacetime draft. He quoted Army leaders who advocated conscription as essential. . . . Senator Vandenberg charged Mr. Burke with desiring to "write the conscript principal into American practices regardless of whether the volunteer system succeeds or not, and in advance of any determination that this infamous thing is necessary." . . . Senator Norris asserted peacetime conscription represented a fundamental change in the American way of life which would lead to the "realm of dictatorship." . . . Daring the proponents of conscription to permit the American people to vote on it, Senator Wheeler intimated the Army had not made "an honest effort" to secure sufficient men through the volunteer system. . . . The Senate approved an increase in the base pay of the Army and Marine Corps from \$21 to \$30 a month, and a proviso allowing voluntary one-year enlistments instead of three-year. . . . Senator Maloney introduced an amendment, making the draft operative on January 1 instead of immediately, in the event that the Army could not recruit sufficient volunteers by that date. . . . Senator Vandenberg quoted Mr. Knudsen to the effect that there would not be sufficient equipment for 750,000 soldiers until 1942, asserted the Army was turning men away

because its quotas had been filled, asked why have a draft when volunteers were being refused. . . . In the draft, "200,000 civilian bureaucrats would be in control of the lives of millions of young Americans. Something precious goes out of the American way of life and something sinister takes its place under conscription," the Senator said. . . . Proponents of the draft for the most part withheld their oratorical fire. After a visit to the White House, Senator Barkley, Administration leader, said he felt enough votes could be mustered to force the peacetime draft through. . . . By a vote of 342 to 33, the House empowered the President to mobilize the National Guard and reserves, send them to any United States possession and to any part of the Western Hemisphere. An amendment to restrict use of the Guard and reserves to the United States and its possessions was defeated, 210 to 110.

AT HOME. As the Democrats went ahead with their campaign book, following passage of the Hatch Law, Wendell Willkie, Republican candidate, announced that if elected he would prosecute those involved under the Hatch Law and the Federal Corrupt Practices Act. Edward J. Flynn, Democratic National Committee chairman, asserted the advertising contracts in question were entered into before the Hatch bill became law. Oliver A. Quayle, Jr., Democratic National Committee treasurer, said the Willkie threat of prosecution can be dismissed with the comment: "I don't think he (Willkie) stands a chance" of being elected. . . . Testifying before the Los Angeles County Grand Jury, John R. Leech, former Communist leader, declared the following movie stars, writers, directors, producers, were Communist members, fellow travelers or contributors: Lionel Stander, Jean Muir, Clifford Odets, Franchot Tone, Fredric March, Gregory La Cava, James Cagney, Humphrey Bogart, Francis Lederer, Buddy Schulberg. . . . Arizona excluded the Communist party from the electoral ballot. . . . Wendell L. Willkie declared he would refuse any request by the Administration to involve him in advance agreements on foreign policy. . . . Asserting 18,000,000 people are facing starvation, Herbert Hoover said the European Food Distribution Commission, which he heads, is negotiating with Britain and Germany in an endeavor to supply food to the Netherlands, Belgium, Poland and Norway. It was estimated the United States would have a surplus of 300,000,000 bushels of wheat this season.

WAR. Germany hurled her heaviest aerial assaults on Britain. On successive days, from dawn to dusk, the Reich airmen dropped their deadly missiles on important centers in England, Scotland, Wales. Portsmouth, chief English naval base, was the object of savage attacks. Portland, another important Channel naval base, was showered with bombs. Dover, British airdromes along the southern coast, Southampton, the Kentish coast, Berkshire, Plymouth, Wiltshire, the Isle of Wight and other centers shuddered under hammer blows from the air, as

wave upon wave of Germans roared through the British sky, in what was the largest concentration of Reich bombers and fighting planes to appear over the British Isles. German airmen, attacking British convoys in the Channel, claimed huge damage to merchant shipping. . . . For the first time, Reich bombers raided the Thames River harbor region of London, the first serious smash at the very heart of the British Empire. . . . The R.A.F. fought doggedly with the swarms of sky raiders from the Reich, asserted it inflicted heavy loss on the German attacking force. . . . In the largest aerial battle of Africa, London claimed it shot down fifteen Italian fighter planes, with the loss of two. Rome asserted it shot down five British planes, lost two. . . . Italian troops continued their steady advance in British Somaliland. . . . Rome fliers bombed Gibraltar. . . . British sky raiders attacked an aircraft factory in Milan, the Fiat plant in Turin, also aircraft plants in Germany, Nazi air bases, German-held centers in the Netherlands, Belgium, and France.

INTERNATIONAL. At Riom, France, before the Supreme Court of Justice, the State began preliminary war-guilt charges against unnamed "former Ministers and their civil and military subordinates." . . . Marshal Pétain, Chief of State, revealed Germany, at least for the time, banned return of the French Government to Paris. . . . In Russia, the Red Government ordered the end of the political commissar system in the Soviet Army. . . . Moscow demanded the withdrawal of foreign diplomats from Lithuania, Estonia and Latvia. . . . In Catholic Lithuania, the Stalin regime decreed the civil marriage ceremony was alone to have legal standing. liberalized divorce. . . . In receiving the new Bolivian Ambassador to the Vatican, Pope Pius revealed he was continuing his prayers and efforts for peace. ... In Tokyo, 126 members of the House of Representatives adopted a resolution asking the Japanese Government to abolish British influences in East Asia. . . . Ninety Japanese air raiders bombed Chungking, Chinese capital. . . . The British Government announced withdrawal of its military forces from Shanghai and North China, where they have been maintained since 1901. . . . Great Britain offered India a "free and equal partnership" in the Empire after the war. . . . Spain protested to London against the British blockade and supervision of Spanish imports. Spain could not recover from the shortages caused by her civil war unless able to import freely, the Spanish protest claimed. . . . Four members of the Australian Cabinet were killed in an airplane crash. . . . In Canada, the Dionne quintuplets received their first Holy Communion. . . . Charging that Daut Hoggia, an Albanian Irredentist, had been murdered at Greek instigation, Italy launched a press campaign against Greece. . . . Britain's Prime Minister Churchill asked President Roosevelt for fifty or more United States Navy destroyers, offered in return longterm leases on naval bases in British Western Hemisphere possessions.

JANGLING AMBASSADORS

PROBABLY what Ambassador Cudahy told the newspaper representatives in England about the distress of the Belgians, and the fear with which they, along with the French and the Dutch, face the coming winter, is perfectly true. Should the blockade established by Great Britain prove as effective as the British are trying to make it, the results will be frightful. War is itself frightful, and it is not necessary at this time to question the legality of Great Britain's plan to fight by depriving the civilian population of Germany and the Nazi-dominated countries, of food. The Ambassador merely expressed publicly a condition which many Americans have feared for some months.

With that much said, it must be admitted that our State Department is simply following the only proper course when it rules that such public expressions by an Ambassador are forbidden. The position of the State Department would be less open to question, however, and more generally applauded, were the prompt treatment it has meted out to Mr. Cudahy applied with impartiality. Unless we are greatly in error, statements equally objectionable have come from other Ambassadors, and that since the beginning of hostilities in Europe. Mr. Cudahy's fault was emphasized only by the fact that it runs counter to the position assumed by the State Department of a Government which is neutral only in theory.

Coming nearer home, the State Department has always singled out our Ambassador to Mexico as an emissary to be treated with indulgence. Statements made by this gentleman have been decidedly offensive to Americans who object to the identification of the aims of an atheistic and Communistcontrolled government in Mexico with the ideals of the American Constitution. They have been more objectionable to those Mexicans who have been hoping that they might be permitted to restore by peaceful means, unhampered by the meddling of our State Department, decent government in Mexico. If this Ambassador has ever been cautioned to confine himself to the duties of an Ambassador, the advice offered is buried among the Government's most secret papers.

In his syndicated column Walter Lippmann indicates his discontent with the interviews on the war authorized by our Ambassador to Great Britain, and with the partisanship of Ambassador Bullitt in France. His discontent is thoroughly justified, but it may be said for them that they knew their interviews and addresses would not be resented by a theoretically neutral American Government. The fault is not so much theirs as the Administration's. Incidentally, the value of Mr. Lippmann's criticisms is tempered by his reference to our Ambassador to Mexico as the very model of what an Ambassador ought to be. Either Mr. Lippmann's concept of a model differs very much from that adopted by the State Department in the case of Mr. Cudahy, or his knowledge of our Ambassador to Mexico is sadly defective.

EDITO

ARE YOU A COMMUNIST?

WHEN a private employer tells an employe that he must leave the Communists, or lose his job, two things happen. The first is that every employe denies that he is a Communist, and the next, that the employer will be investigated by the Labor Board. Hence it is surprising that when the purge of the W.P.A. was finished, Secretary Ickes had found about 500 who admitted that they were Communists. Why they made an admission which cost them their jobs is a mystery which moves the country to wonder what answer was given by the real Reds, still employed by the Government.

A DAY OF PRE

SINCE the outbreak of hostilities in Europe, Catholics here and abroad have been one in fervent prayer for peace. At the bidding of Christ's Vicar, they have implored Almighty God to hear their petitions offered in the Name of His Son, and the fall of one country after another, has made their prayers more fervent. In probably a majority of the American dioceses, the Prayer for Peace has been added to the prayers of the Mass, and in many cities public novenas have been held to beg for the world God's great gift of peace.

Catholics, therefore, will be ready to accept the invitation of the President to make Sunday, September 8, a day of prayer for peace and true concord among all nations. The invitation is the more pleasing since September 8 is the birthday of Our Lady, Queen of Peace. No doubt, under the direction of the Bishops special prayers will be recited after the Masses, and other devotional exercises held. It need hardly be pointed out to Catholics that the true purpose of this day of prayer must not be wrested to make it simply another means of suggesting to our people that an enemy will soon land on our shores. Let us be honest, at least when we talk to God, and what we ought to ask Him is help for this country in its needs, and relief for those countries afflicted with the far greater needs which have been created by actual war.

The best way of observing this day of prayer is to begin it by taking part in the Prayer of Prayers, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. At the

TORIALS

GOD FORGOTTEN

ACROSS two decades of unbridled ambitions, broken promises, greed for material gain, and forgetfulness of God, we look back wistfully to the years following the World War. The promises we then made that never again should this dreadful affliction scourge the suffering peoples of the world have gone down the wind, because after all our pledges we forgot that unless God keep the city, we labor in vain that guard it. To Him all nations must turn in suppliance, for in God, man's Creator forgotten, and in God, the Ruler of nations flouted, is the cause of war.

F PRER FOR PEACE

same time, we should bring to the altar a heart made ready by repentance and a good confession for the reception of Our Lord in Holy Communion. For it is the prayer of the humble and contrite heart that God answers.

But whatever prayer we pray, it need not include a recital of the efforts which this Government has made to keep us out of war. God already knows what these may have been, and He will rate them at their true value. But the simple truth is that we have had so much baiting of nations with whom we are at peace, that any such recital would ring with insincerity. The regime which other nations have is a problem primarily theirs, not ours, and when a dual alliance is described as a stiletto in the back, it can hardly be expected that either of these nations can interpret the phrase in any but a provocative sense. The first rule to preserve friendly relations with all nations is to give offense to none. When that rule is violated, we incite resentment which may be seized as justification for an attack. But whether it is hotly resented, or passed over without comment, the action is unworthy of a Government dedicated to peace.

On Sunday, September 8, we Americans should get down on our knees, and confessing that our sins make us unworthy of His favor, beg Him in the Name of His Divine Son, the Prince of Peace, to create in us a new and contrite heart. Only by this honest prayer can we prepare ourselves to face with fortitude the future.

NO CONSCRIPTION

AT a recent press conference, the President said that the chance of the National Guard being sent on service outside the United States, is not one in a hundred. In that case, it is proper to inquire what crisis faces this country, and makes the President insist upon authority to order the Guard to the Virgin Islands, for instance, or to Peru or the Philippines. As Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick remarked before the Senate Committee, if the Administration knows when war is going to strike, and at what point, Congress should also know.

When the proposition is made to call our young men to military service, it is dangerous to rely on "chance," or the assurance of some official that this or that step will never be taken. If this military service is to be conscription, our vigilance must be redoubled. We do not know in detail what adaptations in our social and economic life will be compulsory under conscription, but what these may be we can conjecture from the experience of other countries. In England, for instance, the changes necessitated have completely destroyed democracy, and made that country as totalitarian as Germany.

In any case, "the present conscription plan before our legislators at Washington means the beginning of a regimentation such as our country has never known," writes the Archbishop of Cincinnati. "Whether we like to admit it or not, compulsory military training is the beginning of a totalitarian form of government in our country." The reason for this statement, which will not seem in the least exaggerated to those who know the hunger of all politicians for power, is adduced by the learned prelate. "Once the Federal Government, especially Federal bureaucrats, experiences the thrill of controlling the youth of this country, reasons will always be found not only to continue, but to extend that control." Archbishop McNicholas speaks the conviction of millions of Americans.

Fortunately, the vigorous opposition to conscription which exists all over this country, will certainly oblige Congress to review the Burke-Wadsworth bill thoroughly. As former Secretary of War, Harry Woodring, wrote not long ago to Senator Vandenberg, until the voluntary system of enlistment has been given a fair trial, and found wanting, no need for conscription can be shown. In the pending bill, Mr. Woodring sees "the influence of increasing tendency toward paternalism" which, if not soon checked, will make the young American "a regimented atom, rather than a freebeing." Debate on this letter in the Senate indicated that the War Department had not given the voluntary system a fair trial, and that under the new Secretary, it would not.

Were the enemy at our very gates, the demand of the Administration for peace-time conscription could not be more imperative. New Zealand, Australia and South Africa, component parts of the British Commonwealth of Nations, have not found recourse to conscription necessary, even in wartime, and our neighbor, Canada, has not gone be-

yond a system of mobilization for home-defense only. When we, a nation at peace with all the world, must perforce adopt conscription, while peoples at war need not, the reason must be so compelling and immediate that we ought to be permitted to know it.

Senator Wheeler's suggestion that conscription be submitted to the vote of the people, is not without great merit. Since it is the people who must pay, and their sons who must die, it is altogether proper that the people should be permitted to decide. Conscription is urged in the name of "democracy." It is dinned into our ears that "democracy" can be saved only by regimenting the whole country. But the war-mongers will listen to no proposal to let the people rule on conscription. Their "democracy" does not go that far.

If the people wish to be in this European war up to their necks before many weeks have elapsed, they have only to permit the American war party to continue unchecked. One step to war is to put the National Guard at the disposal of the President for service in any part of the Western Hemisphere, or in Hawaii and the Philippines. The next step is to provide him with an army, of a magnitude to be stated by him, picked from 10,000,000 American youths.

When that is done, there will be no further step to war. We shall be in the war.

NEXT MONTH

NEXT month, one of the Church's greatest missionary works which is also the country's strongest line of defense, will be resumed with new energy. The devoted laborers, priests, Sisters and Brothers, who conduct our schools and colleges, are now preparing to receive nearly three million young Americans whom they are to train to be good citizens of this world and of the next. While the rest of us have been on holiday, these men and women have been fitting themselves by intensive spiritual exercises and by study for the work of the year.

The Catholic parent who understands his responsibility before God for his children will not even consider entrusting them to any but a Catholic school or college. In some parts of the country, unfortunately, it may be quite impossible for him to avail himself of the aid which the Church gives him in the school. In that case, after obtaining the consent of the local Bishop, he will be obliged to take extraordinary precautions to protect his children against the influence of the school from which God is excluded.

The poisonous influence of the secular school cannot be denied. It has been shown repeatedly, by non-Catholic as well as by Catholic critics. The current drive against "Reds" and Fifth Columnists may temper for a time, but cannot eliminate, its direct and indirect attacks upon Christianity and true Americanism. Of all the duties resting upon Catholic parents, that of giving their children a complete Catholic education is among the gravest.

THE LAST HOUR

THE theme of the Gospel for tomorrow (Saint Luke, vii, 11-16) is as familiar as life itself. Often, on leaving for work in the morning, we have glanced up to see a solemn line of carriages, slowly moving toward a church. In keeping with an ancient Christian custom, we uncover our heads and breathe a prayer for this child of God, once alive, even as we are, but now departed, even as one day we shall bid farewell to all that is of earth.

It was a similar procession which Jesus met as He went into the city of Naim. Death had come to a young man, the only son of a widow. Possibly, he was a person of note, for Saint Luke mentions twice "the great multitude" that formed the funeral procession. But death knows nothing of rank, and makes no distinction between kings and peasants. "Being moved with pity toward" the sorrowing mother, Jesus, Master alike of death and of life, took this occasion to demonstrate His Divinity. "Young man, I say to thee, Arise. And he that was dead sat up, and began to talk. And he delivered him to his mother." Thus, with matchless simplicity, does the Gospel record the sublime deeds of Omnipotence.

There was rejoicing in the house of that young man. We too feel happy that a mother had her son again, and the sweetness of Our Lord in solacing her grief, ought to make us love Him more dearly, and fill us with greater confidence in the tender mercy of His Sacred Heart. Yet in our happiness over something that happened nineteen centuries ago, we must not forget that Our Lord gave this young man not life forever, but only a respite from death. Death came to him again, and he too had his last hour on earth.

What did his respite from death teach him? What does the thought of death teach us? There is much profit in the calm reflection that while die we must, the hour, the day, the year, the decade, we do not know. We only know that death will not stay his search until he finds us.

When we were twenty years old, we probably thought that we bore the scars of a long life. When we are fifty or sixty, we think, "Why, I have not lived very long. It's only yesterday that I graduated from college, or began my profession, or took up the business at which I have always worked." Yes, they seem like yesterday, those years that have flown, but if we have lived that long, death cannot be very far away. We do not like to think about death. It is pleasanter to think about living, and about plans for that future which we may never have.

But death is a good counselor. Talk to him frequently. Ask yourself what you would do if you knew that death were coming tomorrow. Then do it today.

If we could die two or three times, we might take a chance with our souls. But since we die only once, we cannot afford to take a chance. It is only good sense so to live that whenever death comes we shall meet him as a guide to show us the way to Jesus, on Whom we have long yearned to look.

CORRESPONDENCE

REFUGEES

EDITOR: The pouring of European refugees into this country presents a serious problem.

Immigrants of former days came to America through choice, unlike these present refugees who

have come here through compulsion.

In an address delivered in New York City years ago, Robert Watchorn, a very able former Commissioner of Immigration, said that the old-time immigrant was already an American before he had set foot on American soil. As he tilled his home acres, he had American ideals and a vision of America in his heart. The land of his birth had become a foreign land to him. America was the land of his choice.

But these refugees are different. They have come to America through reasons of necessity or expediency. They are still Europeans in thought, heart and sentiment, and it is very problematical whether they will ever become good Americans.

In the course of a conversation a year or two ago with an un-Americanized German baroness, I told her that Europeans, as a class, are more worldly, sophisticated, and corrupt than Americans. She scoffed at my assertion, but it was largely true. Americans, on the whole, are a cleaner, wholesomer, franker race than Europeans.

We have too many Europeans here already, I mean Europeans with the European outlook on life. We want no more of these people, who are secretly, and often openly, hostile or inimical to America, a country they dislike and despise.

San Francisco, Calif. CHARLES HOOPER

CHECKS AND BALANCES

EDITOR: May the Lord deliver us from any more talk of "government under the checks and balances established by the Constitution." One more crack like that in the editorial of August 10, and Orestes Brownson will not merely turn over in his grave but kick off his tombstone.

As Brownson always reminds us, the written Constitution, which establishes the government and endows it with authority necessary for the discharge of its functions, distinctly enumerates the powers given to the various departments of government. The Constitution designates a triple cooperation of governmental functions. Note that it does not place obstacles in the way of its public servants; it does not check and hinder them in their duty; it does not balance one department against another. The Constitution does not deny powers but confers them.

Is it not foolish to speak of our system of government as an arrangement of checks and balances, when there is no power to check save that of the sovereign people delegating the power to its agents? Is it not fatuous to speak of checks and balances in our Government, where the three functions of government are really three acts of one and the same moral person, the nation? "Checks and balances" would mean that this person acts with his left hand and stops the movement with his right.

This would mean stalemate, a standstill of government. It would mean that to accomplish anything for the good of the nation, you must allow another agency to steal in, which, if it manages to do something for the national welfare, you tolerate despite its illegal intrusion, its lack of authority, its anarchical disregard of the constitutional will of the people.

Edwardsville, Ill.

A. B. S.

SOUR NOTES

EDITOR: I just read Mr. John Wiltbye's article *Music and Oratory at Conventions* and I think it is the most disgusting thing I ever read. I notice in your Who's Who you say "Mr. Wiltbye did not attend the Conventions. He did not like what came out of his radio, but he listened as a good American citizen." I do not think he is a good American citizen. I think he is one of those smarties who is looking for an excuse to get his name into print. If the whole conventions were so loathing to him, why didn't he just turn off his radio?

Who is he, anyway, to take space in a weekly like AMERICA to give his opinion on our conventions? Why should he expect to get music comparable to the music of Bach, Beethoven and Brahms at a National Party Convention? He thinks he is funny and clever, but in my opinion he is far from it. Perhaps in 1944 the National Committee men will know about him and have him run both conventions.

Address Withheld

CONSTANT READER

LABOR ETHICS

EDITOR: As crises overlap crises in the mad world of today, numerous socially destructive principles are being enunciated with ever increasing rapidity. Were they to remain confined within the ill-functioning mental cogs of their creators, such principles would plague the latter only; but given expression and usage, they leave havoc in their paths, and need be challenged. Such are several principles

(The views expressed under "Correspondence" are the views of the writers. Though the Editor publishes them, he may or may not agree with them. Just as the readers may or may not agree with the Editor. The Editor believes that letters should be limited to 300 words. He likes short, pithy letters, and merely tolerates lengthy epistles.)

found in the article Minimum Wage Ironed Out for Erie's Laundry Workers by Godfrey P. Schmidt in

the August 10 issue of AMERICA.

"That a laborer is entitled to the minimum weekly wage regardless of the amount of time worked" is a principle which does not gain the distinction of being morally right through the gratuitous statements of Mr. Schmidt. His attempted justification of this principle is of no weight to a student of Moral Theology, and smacks rather of the ethics (?) of Communism.

"The employer's recourse to bankruptcy or reorganization through his inability to meet the demands of a minimum weekly wage regardless of time worked by employees" (and it might be added, the employer's inability to meet other crackbrained and excessive demands of reddish, racketeer controlled labor unions and their reddish puppets in governmental bodies) is unquestionably destined to lead to the confiscation of business à la Russia and Mexico and the ultimate socialization of all industry.

One cannot protest too vehemently against the recent formulation by modern materialists and their misinformed Christian fellow travelers of a pseudo-moral theology, almost all of whose principles are concerned with rendering legal and moral the things really immoral, and rendering illegal and immoral the things morally right. (Divorce, birth control, and euthanasia are but a few instances of this rendition.)

These pseudo-moral theologians have already elevated the labor contract (often obtained through the ever-unjustifiable bludgeoning of the employer by the chameleonistic and Communistic policies of the National Labor Relations Board) to a status more binding than the marriage contract. The latter, binding unto death before Almighty God, is erased as if non-existent by the courts of the land which, in turn, consider eternally sacred the excessive and immoral demands of labor.

These pseudo-moral theologians, furthermore, encourage labor to strike for any and all reasons, even though eighty-five to ninety-five per cent of strikes in recent years could never attain moral justification. They strive to cloak themselves with the authority of papal encyclicals in support of labor unionism as represented by the C. I. O. and A. F. of L., even though the latter bodies are in their organization, tactics, etc., a far cry from the labor groups envisioned by the Supreme Pontiffs.

They harbor the ever false notion that two wrongs make a right, as they appeal to the abuses of a few employers in past ages as a sanction for the countless abuses of labor in the past, present and future. They approve the picketing of retail establishments for having (among its several hundred and more items) one item produced by a manufacturer besieged rightly or wrongly—usually the latter—by labor trouble. They demand the payment of back wages to individuals whose only claim to them is founded on their participation in morally unjustifiable strikes against their employers.

The problems of labor will never be solved by the principles of pseudo-moral theology whose inevitable goal for its followers is universal chaos on earth and perdition in eternity.

St. Louis, Mo.

R. G. K.

WAR PROFITS

EDITOR: "I was a victim of the very thing I had set out to cure—social injustice," writes P. E. B. in AMERICA for August 10. And he wonders how many share his lot. Whatever may have been his experience, he does not know the half of it. When the poor fellow is at the job for more than forty years, he may have the ultimate of social injustice jabbed into him.

Of course, P. E. B. is not thinking of himself but of his family. The bitterness of his present experience may be necessary for him to realize more fully how unjust social injustice is. It may be that one cannot effectively fight for social justice without knowing the pangs of social injustice.

Asking forgiveness from P. E. B. for using this occasion to discuss the war situation, let it be pointed out that it is only a Democratic president who could conscript us, for profit to the warmongers of approximately 100 per cent, which is what an amortization rate of 20 per cent means. Besides, the three billion dollars of proposed preparedness bonds, in the scheme that we are told will not permit the creation of new millionaires, must represent enough profit for the creation of three thousand new millionaires. For, all Government bonds must represent excess profit. If a Republican president tried to put this over—why, he wouldn't dare.

Providence, R. I.

M. P. CONNERY

COPS AND ROBBERS

EDITOR: While the government is organizing committees and sub-committees to help ferret out fifth-columnists, it might be well for them to direct their attention to the so-called "secret" societies.

It is significant to note that the first thing European nations did to insure the stability and unity of their governments was to ban certain types of "secret" societies; poor France locked the door after the horse had bolted!

While secret societies in this country may not be, openly, so viciously anti-clerical and anti-christian as that order in France, nevertheless, any organization, which, in a free country finds it necessary to cover their faces, their operations and their convictions, while giving lip-service to "freedom of religion," must have some un-American qualms of conscience for doing so. In this light, our representatives to Latin American countries should be carefully chosen; they should represent the whole American people.

Many years ago, a wise old Protestant clergyman was asked why he did not join a certain secret society. He replied: "There are some men who never grow up; they remain childish all their lives; upon reaching physical manhood, they still have a yen for playing 'cops and robbers'."

Lincoln, Ill. JAMES EDWARD NOONAN, O.M.I.

LITERATURE AND ARTS

BOOK, BOOK, WHO'S GOT A BOOK?

FRANCES Y. YOUNG

THE return of the fireplace to smart living rooms may bring back the book into the home. It is the indispensable accessory to the inevitable fireside table. There are also bookshelves to be filled to

complete a balanced picture.

Not so long ago a book was considered to be something which cluttered up an otherwise trim living room, especially in cities, where apartmentliving limits space. I learned this from customers in a bookstore near the heart of Chicago a few years ago. It belonged to a friend whom I volunteered to help during what we hopefully but inappropriately called, "the rush hour."

During the busiest days we counted as many as

five people in the shop at once-one to use the telephone, another to ask a street-direction, an agent trying to sell silk stockings, and other varia of the

non-book-buying public.

The shop carried a good line of standard titles, adding new books of judicious selection as they came out, and a section was devoted to Catholic books of all kinds. But the business did not flourish because "nobody buys books."

With the unsympathetic frankness which the unsuccessful have to endure, four friends and wellwishers prophesied: "You will never make a success of it. Nobody buys books! Nobody has any

room for them nowadays!"

That was quite true. The popular secretary-bookcase which is apartment-standard does not hold even a hundred books; what is one to do, then, with the hundred and first?

Sometimes, people en route to the Top-Price Restaurant nearby used to stop in the bookshop to kill a few moments before dinner. The browser would ask the price of a volume, and on being quoted "two dollars," or "two dollars and a half." would slip it back into place remarking: "Books are so dear, aren't they?" As the cheapest dinner at the Top-Price was two dollars-without tipit betrayed an amazing standard of values. What price letters when a transitory pleasure is considered so much more worthwhile!

But now that the phase of cramped living is happily succumbing to a more civilized trend of existence, the book is slowly making its way back into favor. There is nothing more interestingly decorative than a well filled wall of bookshelves.

And now that the news has leaked out that books are something which the rich accumulate, well bound volumes have a cachet as something rather knowing to display. Publicity about some of the movie stars stresses as part of their glamor, that they collect first editions. I have noticed that similar collections are now the proud boast of people who, up to a few years ago, thought that a book was only something you had to read as a school exercise.

"I haven't time to read," is no longer taken as a delightful confession that a girl's telephone receiver is being overworked. The hectic days when everybody was engaged in a glorious round of pleasure-or a reasonable facsimile-have slowly marched on. Not so long ago, to stay voluntarily at home to read was to put oneself candidly on the shelf with the rest of the discards-in other words-on the bookshelf.

The public libraries and the rental libraries performed heroic service during those days. Even now, when the public is gradually beginning to buy outright the books they want to read, the rental library has an important place. Few can afford to buy all the books they want, and for five cents a day or less, they can still be well read. There is another important service. Books which prove disappointing after a nickel or a dime's worth of reading can be returned after being looked over, and overlooked as a prospective addition to the reader's personal bookshelves.

However, many rental habitués do not use that privilege for tasting, but for gulping down whole. Hasty reading is a bad habit formed by those who follow implicitly the pay-by-the-day. If one owns the book, it can be read as carefully as a good book deserves. Good style may be enjoyed, characterization applauded and dialog savored. A fine phrase, a poetic description, a pungent or philosophical observation means nothing to a skimmer. And so they miss half the joy of reading. The comic-strip would meet most of their mental needs; and too often does! Is it indicative of something or other that most comic strips have now become

My plea is to call attention to the hundreds of worthwhile books brought out every year which, because of limited publicity or unstimulating

"blurbs," are left to languish among the "publishers' remainders." All the libraries, public and rental put together, cannot make a financial success of a book. It is the individual buyers who make the royalties roll in. And unless the royalties roll in, the author starves, and dead authors tell no tales.

While many best-sellers do not merit longevity, still the popular book of today may be the classic of tomorrow and endure the neglect which the word *classic* nowadays implies. But too much emphasis is put on the latest sensation to the detriment of less spectacular but equally important books. When millions of copies of one book are being sold, it means that other books of equal merit do not sell at all. This rush to one magnet is part of our national passion for standardization. It is rather amusing to think of everybody in city, town, village and farm reading the same book at the same time. It is also rather appalling.

I have among my acquaintances intelligent people who are devotees of the best-seller. Not to be cognizant of the newest is to be wholly out of step with the modern world. That the modern world may itself be out of step does not seem to matter.

A Catholic college-girl, when I lifted my eyebrows over the title of the book in which she was engrossed, informed me with condescension that she read the book for the "beauty of the style." I commended her thirst for stylic beauty, suggested that she might find it on higher levels and offered the loan of my Stevenson. She flipped over the pages, dipped into a paragraph or two and left the volume because she "really had no time to read." She was reading her present book because everybody—simply EVERYBODY read it! Everybody is a criterion which satisfies the sluggish mind. Ballyhoo can help even a moderately good book to success, but it does not follow that the publisher who can pay for the most ballyhoo brings out the best books.

Like other constant readers, I pass over titles in the library which attract me but for which I am not then in the mood. I owned Philip the Second, by William Thomas Walsh, for two years and only dipped into it here and there. Then a few months ago, I developed an interest in that period of history and really read the book, finding it as interesting as a novel and equal to a four-year course in history. Good books like good wine improve by being kept. We should buy books that we want to read now, those which we will want to read at another time, and books which we should read. Who has the strength of character to take out the books he should read from the library? If they are at hand, he will read them sometime, with profit and often unexpected entertainment, provided of course he does not develop a case of chronic literary procrastination.

And what a pleasure it is to re-read old favorites! It is one of the quieter joys of life to have the right book at hand when the desire to recapture its charm is strong. I am not going out to the library on a rainy night—when probably it is after hours anyway—when a roaring fire and a bowl of apples

simply demand *Our Mutual Friend*. If that fascinating gentleman were not on my shelves, I should probably only get as far as the corner to buy a five-cent magazine with the morose feeling of a pleasure missed.

In spite of education being more extensive than ever, fewer people seem to be able to read, especially school children of all ages, even college students! The old way of learning by means of the alphabet is obsolete; yet was it not Kipling who said, that if one did not learn the alphabet, how could one ever find a word in the dictionary? Modern educators decry as too laborious the step-bystep process of learning to read, but at least we did learn to read and to pronounce! Outdoor activities are being stressed more and more for children but they have to go home sometime. What do they do then? Eat-and sleep-and play ping-pong in the game room. If one cannot read there is no allure in a book. But why bother reading when the modern trend is to say it with pictures? Or if others will do your reading for you and pass it on in little capsules guaranteed not to disturb digestion?

Often sales are lost when a book is chosen for a summary by a lecturer. These book reviews may be of inestimable value to the publishers and book-sellers or they may be a deterrent to volumes of sales. When treated in the manner of a printed book review, saying why the book is readable or not, it piques the interest but when the reviewer gives the whole plot, with quotations to illustrate style, and his own definite personal opinion, there is no need for his listeners to spend time, mental effort or money on the book. It is unfair to publishers, authors and booksellers to boil it down simply to serve as an offensive or defensive weapon for those who wish to talk about the book but who do not choose either to buy or to rent it.

However, books are coming back. When the trend definitely becomes upward a small slack of the unemployment will be tightened. From publishers, through booksellers, printers, engravers, down all the way to authors, the situation is slowly

improving-but slowly!

If I were in the Catholic book business (my friend's bookshop failed), I should call upon my fellow shopkeepers to adopt Blessed Edmund Campion for Patron. Not only because he was a scholar and therefore fond of books, but because his father was a bookseller who made such a small living that when Edmund was sent to Christ Hospital School, his education had to be paid for by a London Guild. Therefore, young Edmund knew the difficulties of the book business and, doubtless, would now lend a sympathetic ear to prayers offered through him.

If every Catholic in the United States, who can read, bought one book a year, Catholic culture would expand materially. Even to use only as part of a "fireside group," everybody should have a book. And for the sake of loyalty if nothing else, not to mention the expansion of the Catholic bookshop trade, among Catholics it should be a Catholic book, or, rather, books—for who ever heard of a

"fireside group" of one?

BOOKS

PAINTER'S PROGRESS TO PAGAN MUSIC

THEY WANTED WAR. By Otto D. Tolischus. Reynal and Hitchcock. \$3

THE title is taken from what Hitler said of the "Democracies": "They wanted war; they shall have it." The author was a Berlin correspondent for the New York Times and it is from these reports during the seven years of Hitler's forging of his unprecedented war machine that Mr. Tolischus has drawn in the present volume. He was expelled from Germany last May, shortly after being awarded the Pulitzer Prize for excellence in reporting. The book has been highly publicized and praised and is evidently destined to be a best seller.

Naturally the first chapter deals with a psychological study of Hitler and of his people. A most difficult task surely. In the Saturday Evening Post for July 20, a similar attempt, "Who Was Hitler?" by St. Clair McKelway was disappointing in attempting to rationalize from the youthful, almost indolent, Hitler to the penumbral phenomenon of the Führer that darkens the spiritual and economic world of today. Mr. Tolischus' psychology has recourse to Richard Wagner, acknowledged to be one of Germany's greatest musicians and known to be a favorite entertainment of Hitler. We also know that the latter aspires to be a painter! The Wagnerian complex is not quite so simple a solution for the most uniquely puzzling character, probably in all history. Of course, it is not the Wagner, whose melodies belong to the world; it is the Wagner whose alleged inspiration in musical composition was paganism or Wotan-worship, which

presents itself to other peoples as mere Wagnerian opera, but which has become subconscious reality to the German masses and has been elevated to the inspirational mythos of the National Socialist movement that rules the Third Reich.

This German mythos "found its climax in an exaltation of Germanism as the remedy for the world's ills." Maybe. But as Mr. Tolischus himself admits, this "fanatic pseudoreligious movement is inexplicable to all non-German 'unbelievers'." Thomas C. Linn, book reviewer, regrets that Hitler did not come under the influence of Bach instead! Under the influence of Michael Angelo, especially his Sistine ceiling, is the regret of the Christian world. Undoubtedly, Hitler and the direction of the Nazi movement are pagan. But they are worse; they are anti-Christian. It is difficult to explain this through the evolution of the Wagnerian motifs. The chapter is well headed "Upon What Meat Does Caesar Feed?"

The second chapter of the first section, "World Revolution: Challenge to America," does not add to our knowledge of Hitler's possible threat to the Western Hemisphere. We are aware of his military forces, the greatest in the history of the world; his demonetization of gold; his barter and trade economics; his "fifth column." The second and third sections are illuminating and valuable in their narration of "How Hitler Prepared"; (Wartime) "Life in Germany Under Hitler"; "The Blow Falls" down to the end of the Polish campaign. The chapter on Religion (four pages out of 331) is a good but disappointingly brief summary of the subtle and diabolical second Kulturkampf, now against all Christianity.

Of most current interest to the reader is Appendix II, "Lindbergh On Air War," the author's dispatch from Berlin, July 23, 1936. It cites the text of the Colonel's speech delivered at a luncheon given to him that day by the German Air Ministry:

We modern aviators see our harmless wings turned into carriers . . . more dangerous than bat-



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Four years later, Lindbergh's vision is equally clear. Our rearmament program needs his advice, not the un-fortunate "smearing" of him that is had in certain

Mr. Tolischus' book is instructive and interesting. He has the journalist's instinct of summary by telling aphorism.

Before its (the German Military machine) might, the hitherto best army in the world wilts overnight and the strongest fortifications fall like the walls of Jericho . . . permitted Hitler to seize and hold the initiative from the start, to split his opponents and pick them off one by one.

Necessarily, the book is depressing, as it deals with what for the nonce at least looks like the downfall of European civilization. Nor does such a collapse bode any apparent good for Christianity. And yet therein is Hitler's ultimate vulnerability. Napoleon at St. Helena could have told him so. DANIEL M. O'CONNELL

FROM ALASKA TO THE RIVIERA

WILD GEESE CALLING. By Stewart Edward White. Doubleday, Doran and Co. \$2.75

ASK ME TOMORROW. By James Gould Cozzens. Harcourt, Brace and Co. \$2.50

DURING the last few years the work of Stewart Edward White has been taken for granted. The newer school of socially conscious American realists have more appeal to reviewers who dislike subordinating their favorite theories to an old-fashioned report on the entertaining qualities of a good book. Wild Geese Calling is a full-blooded yarn of pioneering in Alaska. You will like its hero, John Murdock, who leaves farming for cow-punching, cow-punching for timbering, sails a small boat along the Pacific Coast to Alaska and finally comes to rest in the wilderness. The plains of the cattle country, the forests of the Northwest, Seattle in its infancy and all the trades, tackle and gear of frontiersmen, villains like Chilkat Harry and the Pirate Kelly, quizzical adventures like Len Saunders, fistfights, gunplay, timberfalls, bear hunts, all the vivid background and life of adventure make fascinating reading. It should not be inferred, from this criticism, however, that Wild Geese Calling is pulp fiction.

Emphasis is upon the character of John Murdock and his very feminine, but not so fragile, wife Sally. Their love story is thrilling and tender. Both of them crave physical change and have the passion for emotional stability. Their outlook and activity is ever outward, but their emotional life becomes more and more intense and united as they come to share common hazards and common joys.

It is rare to find in a single book so many satisfactions; feasts of description for the eye, details of occupational life for the inquisitive mind, emotional thrills aplenty and above all a shrewd analysis of the personal factors which make men tick. Wild Geese Calling is a fine American novel, as ingenious in its craftsmanship as it is vigorous in style.

James Gould Cozzen's Ask Me Tomorrow deals with another type of American. Francis Ellery is a New England esthete, a supersubtle novelist, vain, ambitious, timidly lecherous. The seat of his estheticizing is Paris and the Riviera where his straitened circumstances compel him to act as a tutor for a rich family. His chief con-cern is with himself; whether he is in love or not,

whether he is ever going to be a great writer, whether the women are sufficiently aware of his brilliance. His companions are degenerate expatriates, wealthy debauches, irresponsible students. Mr. Cozzens's writing is distinguished and his dissection brilliant. One wonders whether Francis was worth all the effort. When you strip him of two or three layers of consciousness there is nothing left. His personality is his own opinion of himself.

FRANCIS X. CONNOLLY

MEN AND MYTHS ON OL' MAN RIVER

BIG RIVER TO CROSS. MISSISSIPPI LIFE TODAY. By Ben Lucien Burman. The John Day Co. \$3

ON the Kentucky banks of the Ohio as a boy, Ben Lucien Burman first saw a steamboat rounding a bend. He never forgot the charm of it and twenty years ago he began to study the river and its people as a cub pilot and as a literary man. He wrote novels of it: Mississippi, Blow for a Landing, Steamboat Round the Bend. Now he shows us, with a strong dash of romance, the material as he found it: a strange, unstandardized, almost incredible America, full of superstitions and tall tales and relics of a past age. On the river's bottom, say the roust-abouts, lies Old Al, the River King, the alligator monarch of the Mississippi. He can sweep a sandbar into a channel with a swish of his tail. For the tired deckhand who slips a bit of tobacco over the side of the boat, Old Al will smoke his pipe and raise a fog that will make the boats tie up.

A good part of this book is made up of anecdotes about the mingled hoodoo, ignorance and poetry that is the lore of the river folk. They have their virtues and their wisdom also. On the Ohio, English-Irish shantyboaters out of the Kentucky hills, on the Delta, Cajuns and Jugo-Slav boatmen, up and down the Valley and out over its great tributaries packet and barge captains, all have their adventures and strong feelings. Here they are with their feuds and trials. They are genuine, Capt. Donald T. Wright, editor of the *Inland Waterways Journal*, as-

sures us in his preface.

Then there are the showboats, ferries and lightkeepers. Big business plies the river in heavy barges with more tonnage than ever before. Army engineers wage a daily battle to keep the channel clear and the sinewy flood within bounds. That struggle would be a great story in itself but Mr. Burman skips the statistics and the social problems to open our eyes to outlaws and humorists at work on the levees and swamps. Alice Caddy's numerous black and white sketches help you drift pleasantly through the Mississippi's life today.

JAMES A. MACKIN

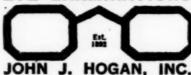
BOOKS IN BRIEFER REVIEW

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE. A BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL STUDY. By Frederick S. Boas. Oxford University Press. \$4.50

TO Marlovian scholars and enthusiasts, Dr. Boas needs no introduction. Certainly they will acclaim this latest work of his, in which scientific thoroughness and humane comment are admirably blended. All the causative factors which went into the making and modifying of the turbulent Kit, Dr. Boas sketches skilfully and sympathetically, showing the parallel evolution of his life and his art.

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rel with certain details, but one cannot withhold praise for his method and mentality. His reappraisal of Hotson's findings, for example, his discussion of Heywood's part in the composition of *The Jew of Malta*, his analysis of Marlowe's "atheism" (the quotation marks are his), are all splendid pieces of scholarly thinking.

Certain highly technical problems the author relegates to appendices immediately subjoined to the chapters which gave rise to those problems. This facilitates reference and makes for continuity in the main text itself. The book is generously illustrated, well indexed, and contains a valuable listing of principal documents and early editions.

The style of the book is always urbane and amiable. It saunters along with nonchalant grace, occasionally sprints, and not infrequently soars.

WILLIAM A. DONAGHY

THE BIRTH AND DEATH OF THE SUN. By George Gamow. The Viking Press. \$3

DR. GAMOW, an eminent astronomer, presents "in the simplest terms . . . an outline of the fundamental discoveries and theories that now permit us a general view of the evolution of the world." As the subtitle indicates, the stellar evolution is explained from the viewpoint of

subatomic energy.

The book, written primarily for laymen who have little or no astronomical background, should nevertheless appeal to teachers of science in both high-school and college, who have the difficult task of putting over such subjects as those based on the atomic theory, in an interesting way.

What can be learned of a star from its color? What causes stellar eruptions? These and other interesting questions are answered. More difficult ideas are explained graphically and there are many interesting skyphotos.

Those who would like to read more extensively on the subject or to check up on statements of the author will miss the footnotes which would have added much to the value of the book. JOSEPH BURKE

MASTER-AT-ARMS. By Rafael Sabatini. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2.50

THE formula for this novel, dealing with the period of French history toward the close of the Reign of Terror, is entirely Mr. Sabatini's. He had no intention of writing a strictly historical novel; he merely chose a period as the background for a typical Sabatini romance. The locale shifts from London to Brittany and back to London, and it is safe to say that if one enjoyed Scaramouche, this story will be mildly satisfactory.

Quentin de Morlaix, fencing master par excellence, discovers that he is heir to the estates of Chavaray, which under the circumstances of the times he would readily have foregone, had he not met and fallen in love with a beautiful cousin, Germaine de Chesnières. In his determination to win the estate for his promised bride, he becomes involved, at first unwillingly but later wholeheartedly, in the futile uprising of the Chouans. The collapse of the cause leaves him back in London, safe and happy, without estate or title to it.

The fact that Quentin is a master-at-fence assures the

reader of many a thrilling passage at arms in the author's accepted manner. Apart from some rather prolonged, and annoying, dialog, the book is true, on the whole, to the Sabatini formula.

ALAN MAYNARD

THE BRIDGE. By Ernest Poole. The Macmillan Co.

THE author, Ernest Poole, has followed with success a long career as a novelist and as a feature writer of articles for prominent American magazines. In all his writing his sympathy for the cause of the underdog has been noticeable, an interest in the unfortunates of this life having begun in his early years in a Settlement House in New York. If this career and interests made the writer at times Red, or distinctly Pink, it is not the only instance where the heart has led the head; it seems that the presence of the author in Russia in 1917 opened his eyes to the difference between the revolution of Kerensky and the more moderate Russians and the movement of more fatal consequences undertaken by

the Bolsheviks.

In the autobiography, which has the sub-title My Own Story, Mr. Poole has given an interesting account of all these years and of the great events at which he was present. The style is engaging, the diction nice-though the reviewer is still at a loss to know why blasphemies need be repeated in print-the stories interesting, and the descriptions of scenery excellent. In only one case did the reviewer doubt the writer's accuracy in reporting conversations; the answers made to the author by some Paulists in Rome concerning the Virgin Birth and Papal Infallibility are so jumbled that it is more credible to think that Mr. Poole confused the answers than that the Paulists gave them. J. CRAGMYR

Polish Profile. By Princess Paul Sapieha. Carrick and Evans. \$2.50

IN 1933 Virgilia Peterson Ross, a young American woman, married the Polish Prince Paul Sapieha. They made their home on the Prince's vast estate in Poland, where, with the exception of three brief visits to America, they remained until last September, when the German invasion of Poland forced her to flee to Roumania with

her two small children.

In her book the Princess tells the story of her six years in Poland and the adjustment that a modern, intellectual, sophisticated American woman had to make to life in a semi-feudal society. Faced with this strange, new existence she made the necessary adjustment with humor and a wise understanding. Her story is intensely personal, direct and non-propagandist, and culminates in the description of her enforced flight from her rural palace at Rawa Ruska last summer. There is real pathos in the poignant description of this final phase of Poland's independent life.

Princess Sapieha's story reads with the interest and charm of a novel. It presents a delightful picture of a way of life which has now ended. Princess Sapieha writes well, despite an attempted literary subtlety and an occa-

DANIEL N. DWYER

sionally strange metaphor.

THE PAN AMERICAN HIGHWAY. By Harry A. Franck and Herbert C. Lanks. D. Appleton-Century Co. \$5 THE project of a motorist traveling from Boston, Chicago, Seattle, or even from Fairbanks, Alaska, over smooth highways through the United States, Mexico, Central and South America even to the southern tip of Chile is something more than a fanciful dream. It is a project, and though it will not be accomplished today or tomorrow, the day is not too far distant when it will be an actuality. As a matter of fact, the Pan American roadway is under way. Large stretches are in operation, others are partially constructed. But naturally there are those big connecting gaps that still defy time and the meager purses of countries to the South, which must construct the highway into forbidding mountains, through hazardous jungles, and over defying gorges. But each year finds the task nearer completion.

The Pan American Highway takes us on a story and picture journey over the proposed road from Laredo, Texas, to the Panama Canal. This is a really handsome book that is difficult to put down once the first page is passed. The descriptions of new lands and peoples, through enchanting vistas of mountains and valleys and tropical jungles, are as vivid as the superb 150 photo-

graphs that accompany the text.

The authors' enthusiasm is reflected in every page. They are not critical of the backward conditions they encountered along the way. Doubtless, their long association with the people south of the Border has made them understanding and sympathetic of the simple, but charming, customs and phases of life they witnessed. This book is an invitation to adventure and romance that is irresistible. ALBERT WHELAN

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Last July, in AMERICA, Mr. Tunney had the audacity to call the Soviet exhibit at the New York World's Fair "A Colossal Fake." Reprinted and distributed, this article aroused vigilance and action throughout the country. "Big Joe" has since been

One year later he again warns us. This time it is Communism in the American Youth Congress, the same boring-in tactics in a different field.

This article has been reprinted in 8-page leaflet form. Its distribution to leaders of youth movements of every race, color and creed throughout the country will greatly aid the "natural death" which Mr. Tunney predicts for this congress. You can help by distributing as many copies as possible in your section.

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PACIFISM and WAR

By WM. F. DRUMMOND, S.J.

in the July 8th issue of THE CATHOLIC MIND for a clear statement of the ethics of modern war-fare and modern peacemaking. It is ideal reading for groups making a study of this question.

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THEATRE

RUTH GORDON AND SHAW. To an inveterate theatregoer like myself, who is never bored or blasé over thea-tre going, there is a lot of pleasure in following "in person" the goings-on at the summer theatres. Several of the best of these are within a hundred miles of my Massachusetts summer home. It is easy to motor to them, with a congenial party of friends, and the amount of pleasure and entertainment one gets is surprising.

Many of our favorite stars are touring the summer circuits in the older plays. Within the past month I have seen Tallulah Bankhead in Pinero's Second Mrs. Tanqueray, Jane Cowline in Shaw's Captain Brassbound's Conversion, Ina Claire in Behrman's Biography, Fred Stone in O'Neils' Ah Wilderness, and Ruth Gordon in Bernard Shaw's The Millionairess.

Of the other plays I shall write next week. Of this

last comedy I have something to say now, as Miss Gordon is said to be wisely planning a descent on New York with it. The performance was given at the Berkshire Playhouse in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, with Miss Gordon as the star, and with the very real assistance of a good cast selected from the leading players of the Berkshire company. This makes it, in part, an amateur performance, as most of these local summer presentations necessarily are. But Miss Gordon's work is charming, and that of her associates is on the whole admirable. The Berkshire, be it known, is under the direction of William Miles, and excellent direction he makes of it.

The Millionairess is one of Mr. Shaw's "talky" plays. It is, however, so long since we have had plays from him with much action in them that this was to be expected. Moreover, the talk is exceptionally brilliant and amusing, and Miss Gordon puts over her part with such zest, spirit and charm that her audience, by no means an uncritical one, hugely enjoys the performance. When Miss Gordon is not talking, which is only when she is off the stage, there is a temporary drop in the interest.

She is, in The Millionairess, a South American heiress, Epifania Ognisanti di Parega, and she must have given much of her preliminary work to the memorizing of her stage name. She has thirty million dollars and a mildly amorous nature. Her only lasting passion is for that thirty millions, of which she is the sole custodian. She is a young woman born to conserve and add to her fortune. At the rise of the curtain she is the wife of a young English tennis player, physically of the Greek god type but without more intellect than he needs for his tennis. She is wearying of him and is ready to marry another Englishman on the condition of her dead father's

This is that she marry only a man who makes thirty thousand pounds in six months on an investment of one hundred and fifty pounds, which she supplies. The tennis player has done it, in a typically Bernard Shaw fashion that will interest impecunious young men. The second admirer is not up to the feat, especially as Epifania, with true frugality, is making him pay all the expense of taking her about, feeding and amusing her. The third man, a Hindoo doctor, she is to marry at the end of the play. He is not able to make the thirty thousand pounds, but that does not depress Mr. Shaw nor the audience. It is all gay nonsense, strung on a slender chain of Shaw philosophy.

In the tentative presentation at the Berkshire Playhouse I liked the work of Lewis Martin as the Hindoo doctor, that of Adrienne Marden as Patricia Smith, the second love of the tennis player, and of King Calder as a lawyer whose practice brings all the characters to-

gether in his office and elsewhere.

With Miss Gordon and a strong professional company the play should interest New York. It is brilliant-and cheerful. ELIZABETH JORDAN

THE RAMPARTS WE WATCH. The March of Time has been expanded by patriotic fervor, among other things, to feature picture proportions, and apparently joins the Jonah chorus of those who see America destined for war. Perhaps the wish is father to the thought, since there is enough drum-beating in the film to make the suspicious moviegoer question its simple text of preparedness. Ostensibly a lesson, drawn from the participation of the United States in the World War, of how a nation can be lulled into a false sense of se-curity, it indicts, by implication, neutrality as the chief soporific influence. That smacks of interventionist propaganda. Through the reactions of a representative community, the picture reviews the history of the war from our first glimmerings of its magnitude to our part in its temporary halt. It ends on a note of warning, and its zeal for preparedness is altogether praiseworthy, but thoughtful spectators may find some of its tendencies merely partisan. Its interest as entertainment depends on personal definition, but certainly its aged news clips, its interrupting commentator and its somewhat drab reconstruction of the war years will attract only those who consider a screen discussion of the international situation necessary or helpful. (RKO)

I LOVE YOU AGAIN. Escapism and amnesia join hands in this bright comedy designed to entertain on a rather sophisticated level. During its action the victim of a lapsed memory is given a chance to improve a threatening domestic situation by exchanging the personality of an elderly Boy Scout for that of a finally repentent confidence man. The amnesia premise is full of possibilities, as usual, but W. S. Van Dyke realizes more of them, and with more deft humor, than has always been the case. A former confidence man recovers from an attack of amnesia to find himself on the verge of divorce from a strange wife who has become bored with her stodgy, nature-loving husband. He sets about reclaiming her affections and proposes to make a financial killing on the side, but he gives up his oil-land hoax when it develops that he cannot be a swindler and a happy husband as well. Obviously the moral side of the film is swallowed up in the general jesting attitude of the piece which is consistently amusing and expertly played by William Powell, Myrna Loy, Edmund Lowe and Frank McHugh. Adults will find it superior comedy. (MGM)

THE GREAT McGINTY. The rise and fall of a political puppet makes for comedy of a sort, but it is low comedy bordering on the sordid. A down-and-outer who sells his vote attracts the attention of the ward-heelers by voting early and often and is taken under the raven wings of the local boss. He makes rapid headway as long as he follows the crooked trail, but is jailed when he makes the mistake of attempting to use the governorship for reforms. Preston Sturges directed and wrote the story, which has its share of good lines, but the best efforts of Brian Donlevy, Akim Tamiroff and Muriel Angelus cannot make a carefree comedy of an unattractive phase of American life. (Paramount)

THE RETURN OF FRANK JAMES. The last of the James boys is not so spectacular, even in the glow of technicolor, as the inimitable Jesse, and accordingly this sequel drops a few notches in excitement. But it is a workmanlike melodrama and with Henry Fonda skilfully portraying a good badman who is diverted from his revenge to save an innocent life, it is able to sustain interest. Fritz Lang's direction is a creditable item, and Henry Hull, Gene Tierney and Jackie Cooper add good portrayals to keep the film on a satisfactory level. (Twentieth Century-Fox) THOMAS J. FITZMORRIS

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FVFNTS

THE news of the week lent color to the theory that improvement of service sometimes produces fruitful results. . . . When Kentucky officials began erecting a new jail, several former customers, who had escaped from the previous penitentiary, wrote the sheriff they would give themselves up when the new institution was finished. . . . An Eastern railroad received a dirty shirt from one of its passengers, with the information that the shirt, originally white, had become black because of a ride, with its owner, on one of the road's trains. The railroad agreed to launder the shirt. Because of this improved service, shirt-wearers among the road's clientele adopted a friendlier attitude toward it. . . . In California, when a long string of trucks stalled and blocked a road, a circus owner had his elephants butt the trucks off the highway. By undertaking this function, never before associated with circus work, the owner won the gratitude of numerous truck-hating autoists. . . . That dynamic influences have carved a new social milieu, which differs fundamentally from the milieu of the past, was suspected. . . . A fourteen-yearold Australian boy has the gout. . . . In Kentucky, a judge fined himself \$10 for arriving late in court. . . . In Nebraska City, a five-year-old girl has a full set of false teeth. . . . An Antioch, Calif., man, fined \$500 for beating an editor, was assessed only \$100 for beating his wife. . . . The old tradition wherein a man proposed to a girl without a large audience present, was shattered. After winning a free long-distance telephone call at the San Francisco Fair, a lover rang up a girl in Florida, proposed and was accepted, as nine hundred persons (not counting the operator), listened in. . . . The parking problem remained acute. . . . In Walahalla,

S. C., a parked car was attacked and gravely dented by a bull. . . . The exclusion of the classic tongues from educational courses continued to bear fruit. "Casus belli?" inquired a Nebraska judge, pointing to a woman over whom two men had brawled. "No," replied the arresting policeman, "Pauline Schmidt." . . . Mistakes concerning racial identity occurred. . . . A San Francisco woman called police, said there was a Scotch burglar in her house. Asked how she knew the intruder was Scotch, she explained he was terrifying her with shouts of "Hoot, hoot." Police hurried over, found an owl in the chimney. . . . New hotels appeared. . . . A Californian, whose motto is: "Nothing is too good for the chickens," constructed a chicken hotel, with electric lights, running water and an electrically operated elevator. . . . Further proof that initiative is far from dead in the United States was provided. . . . Finding her elderly beau was too shy to pop the question, a sixty-four-year-old Cleveland woman popped it herself. . . . When his octogenarian wife refused to pay him alimony, a seventy-one-year-old Los Angeles husband had a court compel her to give him \$40 a month. . . . The Census Bureau announced an increased church attendance. The United States Mint reported an unprecedented demand for nickels and pennies. The two phenomena were believed interrelated. . .

Last week, a stalwart policeman stood on the edge of a wharf. He did not hear a tiny girl of seven years creeping up behind him. She pushed him into the water. He drowned. . . . A numerically small War Party is creeping up behind the United States. It wants to push the country into war. . . . Between the Feast of the Assumption and the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. under which title the Blessed Virgin Mary is Patroness of the United States, grave decisions will be taken. It will be well for us all during this period to beg her: "Blessed Mother, Patroness of the United States, preserve this nation from the War Party, preserve it from dictatorship." THE PARADER